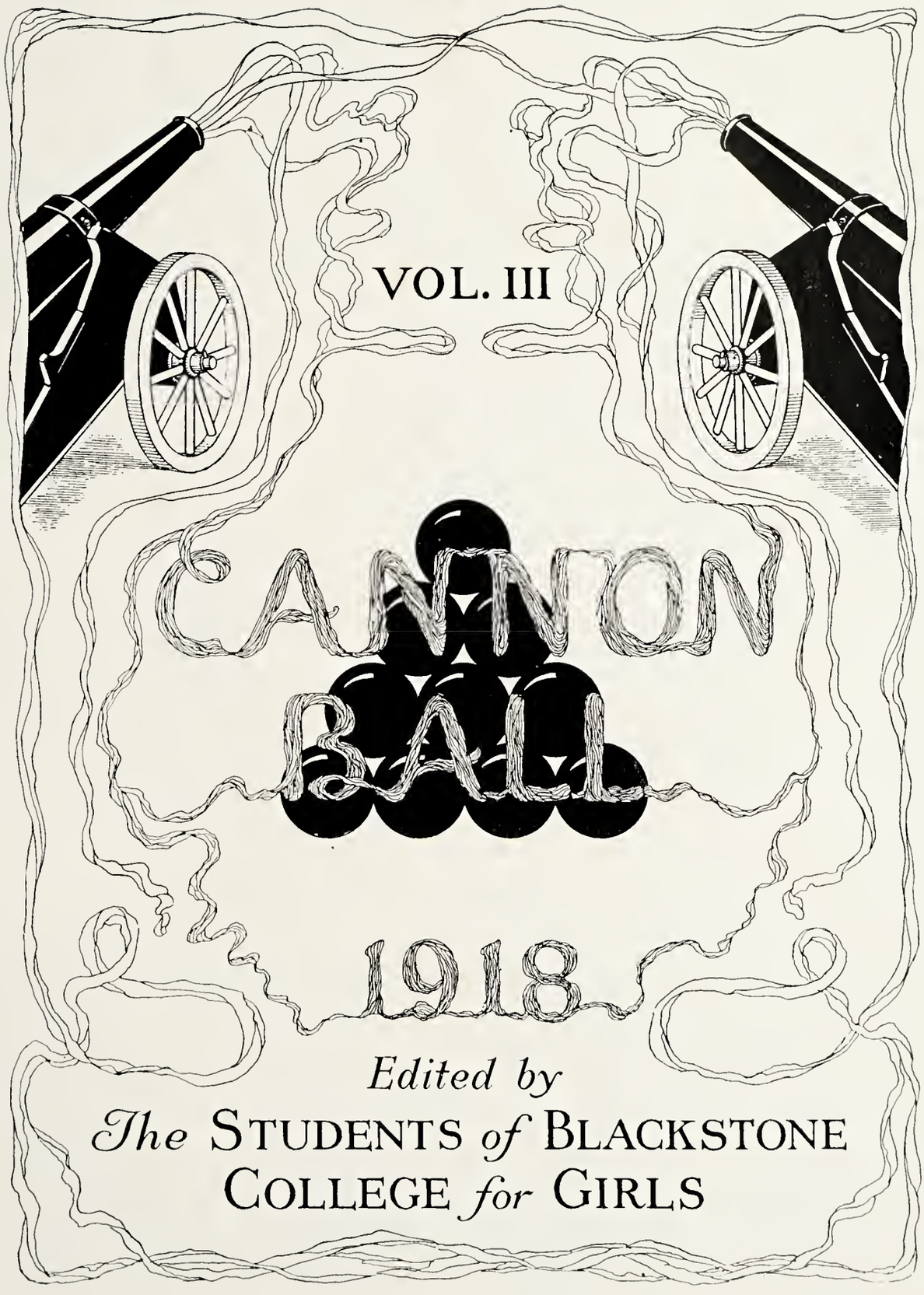
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/cannonball1918blac



Edited by

The STUDENTS *of* BLACKSTONE COLLEGE *for* GIRLS

As a tribute of high esteem,

we dedicate this volume of the

"Cannon Ball"

to

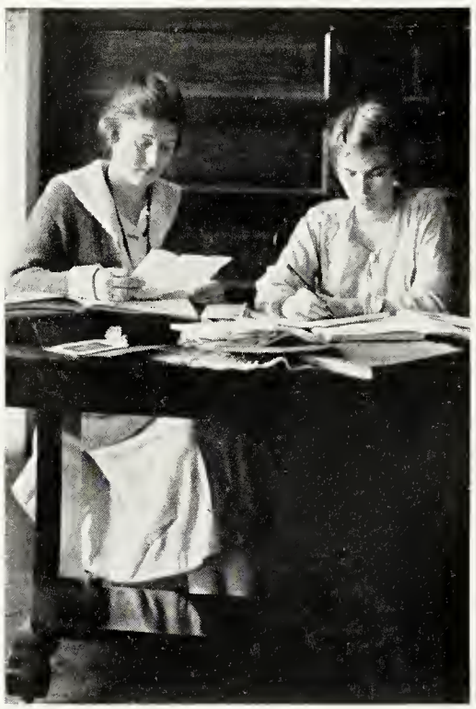
President Woodrow Wilson

In recognition of the service rendered our country

in the time of its extremest peril

Copyright by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

Cannon Ball



MARGARET LIGHT
Editor-in-Chief

LOUISE WARE
Assistant Editor

GENEVA MORRISON
Advertising Editor

LUCY B. ADAMS
Assistant Advertising Editor

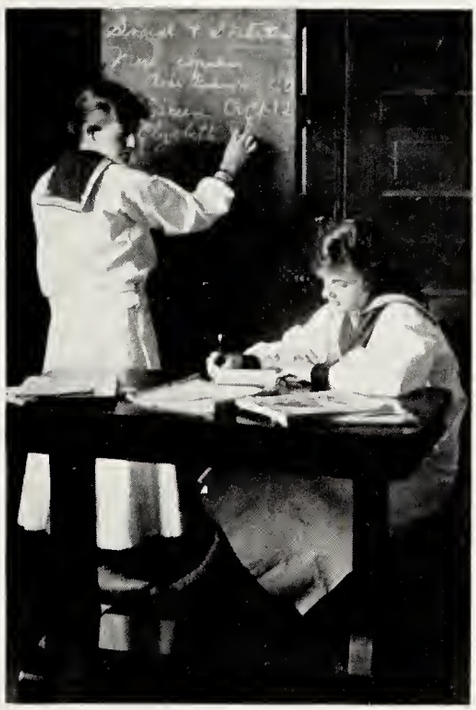
HORTENSE DUNCAN
Business Manager

MARY WILLIS
Assistant Business Manager

HANNAH HOUGH
Art Editor

ALICE BURLINGHAM
Assistant Art Editor

Cannon Ball



WINNIE HOSKINS
Social and Statistics Editor
MARTIE KIRWAN
Assistant Social and Statistics Editor

ELEANOR HEPLER
Athletics Editor
RUTH BROWN
Assistant Athletics Editor

MARGARET ELDER
Clubs and Organizations Editor
VIRGINIA BLAND
Assistant Clubs and Organizations Editor

JESSIE SIMS
Fun Editor
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON
Assistant Fun Editor

Cannon Ball

Foreword

The cannon blazes once again and sends forth another CANNON BALL from its usually quiet throat. It may not be as flashing and brilliant as those that have gone before, but that it may strike some heart and bring to it visions of a school that once it loved so well, and that, with those who are leaving this year, it may carry remembrances of the pleasures enjoyed and the lessons learned is the sincere wish of the staff. It comes to add its mass to the pile that is now building in the hope that all cannon balls may one day be used for a similar purpose.

Search into thy books of knowledge, O Merlin, and impart to the students of thy wisdom!

Cannon Ball

James Cannon, Jr., A. M., D. D.
PRESIDENT

Cannon Ball

The Faculty

Faculty

JAMES CANNON, JR., A. M., D. D.
PRESIDENT

1. Literary Department

James Cannon, Jr., A. M., D. D.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH BIBLE AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY

Lura Lee Cannon, A. B.
DEAN OF THE COLLEGE DEPARTMENT AND INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY

Charlotte L. Stoakley
SUPERVISOR OF THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT AND INSTRUCTOR IN PEDAGOGY

Emily Holmes Watkins, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

Eulalia Stuart, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH AND GERMAN

Margaret Wagner Faw, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN LATIN

Georgia Burton, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS

Susie Lee, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS

Geneva Martin, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS

Elspeth Benson, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN ENGLISH

Maude Woodfin, A. B.
INSTRUCTOR IN LATIN

Ruth G. Bale
INSTRUCTOR IN HISTORY

2. Training School Department

Ethel Robertson
LeClaire Batten

3. Music, Art and Expression

Emma E. Hoffman
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

Mary Lee Bennett
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

Kate Anderson
DIRECTOR OF THE CHORUS AND INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

Helen Betty Rosser
INSTRUCTOR IN VOCAL MUSIC

Emily Willard Garvey
ACCOMPANIST AND INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

Grace Ritchie
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

Robbie McCord
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO, THEORY AND HARMONY

Anna Dupuy
instructor in piano

Ruth G. Bale
instructor in expression

Mrs. L. E. Wallace
instructor in art

4. Other Officers

George P. Adams
secretary and treasurer

E. S. Bennett
assistant secretary and treasurer

Verna Jackson
secretary to the president

Mrs. Ida W. Smith
Mrs. Sue L. Hite
home department

W. V. Atkins, M. D.
college physician

E. H. Cohran
registered nurse

Lucy Nash
night watchman

To Our Teachers

We greet you, faculty of B. C. G.,
With a glass filled to the brim,
And we challenge another school to find
A faculty with half your vim.

Led by our noble President,
We knew you'd rightly mold us;
And so we've tried in word and deed
To do what you have told us.

You've worked us hard, we'll grant you that,
Our motto says be thoro;
With Christian zeal you've made us toil
Till our minds shone like a mirror.

In work and play you've been our guides,
Thru all this happy year,
And as we leave these learned walls
We shed for you each a tear.

In Memoriam

Trustees of Blackstone College

C. S. Barrow

Died September 15, 1917

H. E. Barrow

Died February 10, 1918

Blackstone College Song

Fair summer wreathed and smiling
  Brings now vacation days,
When her charms our hearts beguiling,
  We can sing her praise;
But a felt subduing strain
  Undertones each glad refrain,
Sad, yet sweet, chords vibrate,
  Telling of the tender parting days.

CHORUS:

College fair, beloved, good-bye,
  Brilliant star in studded sky;
May thy rays still bless and brighten,
  As the passing years go by.

Dear Saviour, send a blessing
  With this our parting hour;
May we each go forth possessing
  Thy precious care and power.
Oh! bless those who blessed us here,
  With their toil and guiding care,
Be Thou their reward and guardian
  Until they Thy glory share.—CHO.

Beloved school, we leave thee;
  In groups diverged we go
Home to mountain, plain, and margin
  Of ocean's ebb and flow.
But our homes from hill to sea,
  As entwining links that be
In the golden chain that binds us
  Heart to heart and all to thee.—CHO.

J. R. STURGIS.

Cannon Ball

Our History

THE twenty-fourth session of the school began September 20, 1917—began with high hopes of success for the coming year in spite of the depression due to the war, and, now that the year is three-fourths over, we can truthfully say that that hope was justified.

Years ago the need for a girls' school was deeply felt in Virginia, and, with the intention of satisfying this need, the Farmville District of the Virginia Conference made plans and secured a charter from the State for a school.

The school was opened in the fall of 1894 with Dr. James Cannon, Jr., as president. It was largely through his ceaseless effort and untiring labor that the school had been founded, and it was through the lofty inspiration of his character that the school has been able to sustain its high standards and send forth from its doors girls trained to become better citizens of the State and of the Nation.

The school began its career under the name of Blackstone Female Institute with twenty-nine boarders and six teachers. From year to year the attendance increased so that in 1900 it was found necessary to enlarge the building, and another wing was added. The building was then twice its original size; along with this increase in size went increase in equipment and improvement, and many were the glad hearts of the girls that turned to the institute each year to receive the thorough instruction that there awaited them. In 1907 another new wing was added to the east side of the building.

Across the front of the entire building extends a beautiful campus, shaded by graceful maple trees and watched over by the president's home. The building may be seen for miles around, its tall towers silently urging the country side to better things.

In 1915 a two years' college course was added to the academic course. It was a proud day for the school when it dropped the name of Institute and became Blackstone College for Girls. It is one of the grievances the girls have to bear, with what fortitude they may, that the Blackstone town folk still refer to them as the "Institute girls."

The school goes forward each year with ever-increasing vigor and higher ideals, and it is the hope of all that feel its influence that it may soon build a wing to the west of the Old Building, and thus multiply its opportunity for good.

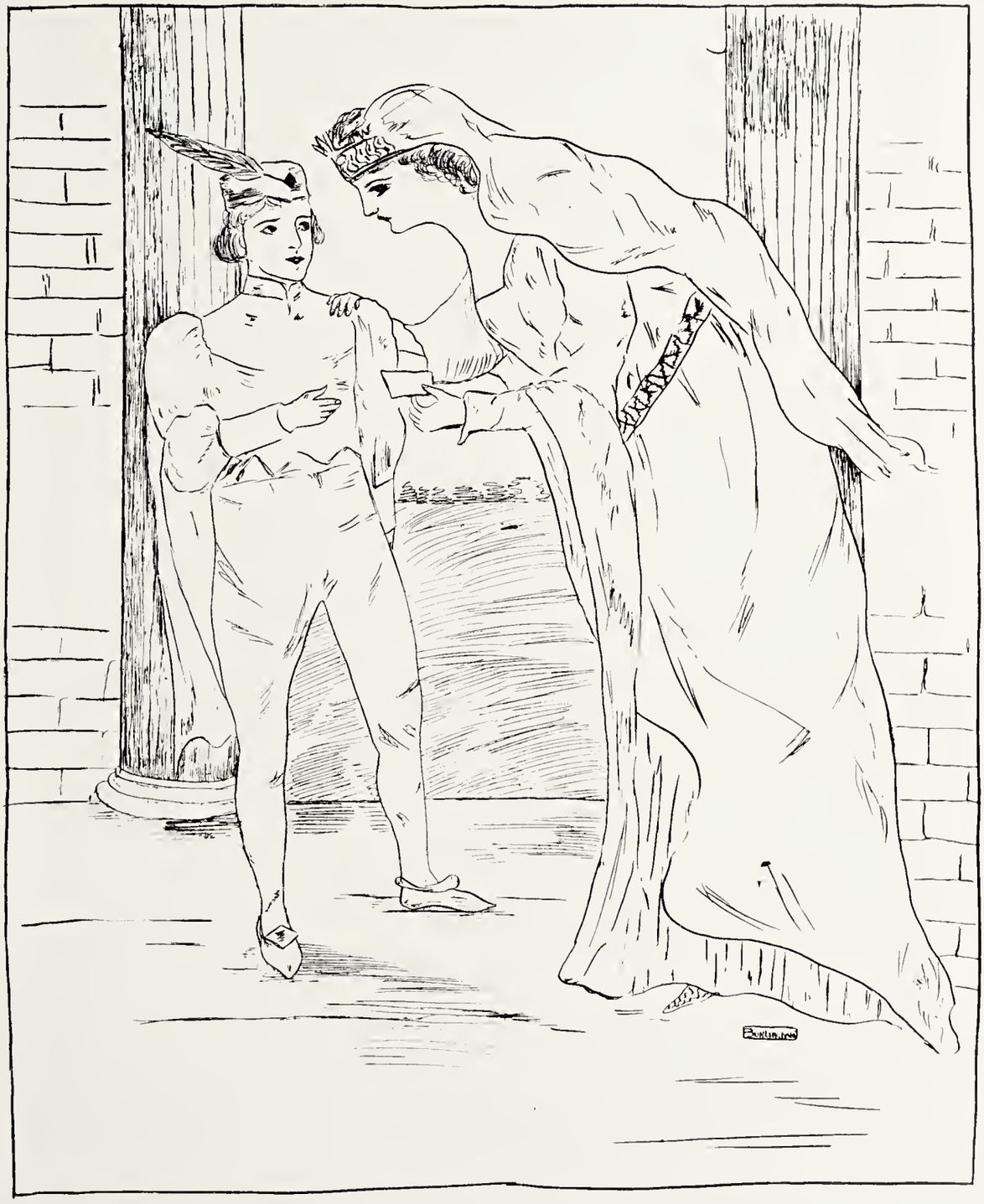
The sturdy youth biddeth farewell to his mother as he sets forth to the castle of wisdom

Freshman Class Register

Sarah Anderson
Willie Arrington
Alma Atkins
Phœbe Atkins
Clara Barnes
Elizabeth Baynes
Lilly Blair
Ruby Boone
Lula Mae Britt
Lolita Brown
Janie Bullock
Janie Burnett
Edna Burton
Margaret Cobb
Sallie Crichton
Frances Crowe
Louise Dameron
Alice Dunton
Rose Elam
Susie Epes
Kathryn Elliott
Cora Foster
Honor Hamilton
Lucile Harris
Jessie Hawkins
Marie Hines
Susie Hodges
Norma Hunter
Lillian Johnson
Ruth Johnson
Rosalie Keene
Annie Leigh Kellar
Bernice Knight
Susie Knight
Gladys Martin
Indiana Martin
Elizabeth Meyburg
Irene Moseley
Mary Otwell
Carrie Page
Eula Page
Muriel Paget
Eva Parsley
Ethel Philips
Lucy Poteat
Mary Pritchard
Mattie Pritchard
Bessie Rash
Evelyn Richardson
Marie Rigan
Virginia Slade
Lucile Sledge
Rosa Smith
Helen Stevens
Eva Stickel
Esther Stimpson
Lois Swadner
Louise Sweet
Nellie Tingley
Mabel Tudor
Heath Tweedy
Grace Williams
Winnifred Williams

Training School Register

Frances Barrow
Margaret Bennett
Nellie Bowland
Edward Lee Cannon
David P. Cannon
Elise Carter
Julia Coleman
Margaret Coleman
Ella Colgin
Louise Corbin
Frances Crowder
Margaret Cushwah
Bernice Dixon
Mary Anne Doumar
Anna Kathryn Dunlap
Mary Ezelle
Willie Hardy
Lavalette Johns
Eunice Lillard
Elizabeth Motley
Goldie Parsley
James Pettit
Thelma Poland
Ethel Smith
Mattie Smith
Sue Trader
Mary Frances Tuttle
Raymond Tuttle
Bertha Usilton
Lorena Wade
Mae Wade
Gertrude Wainwright
Rose Whitehead
Mary E. Willis



He becometh the favorite page of Queen Intelligence

Sophomore Academic Class

Sophomore Academic Class

Motto: *"Aussi toujours fidele"*

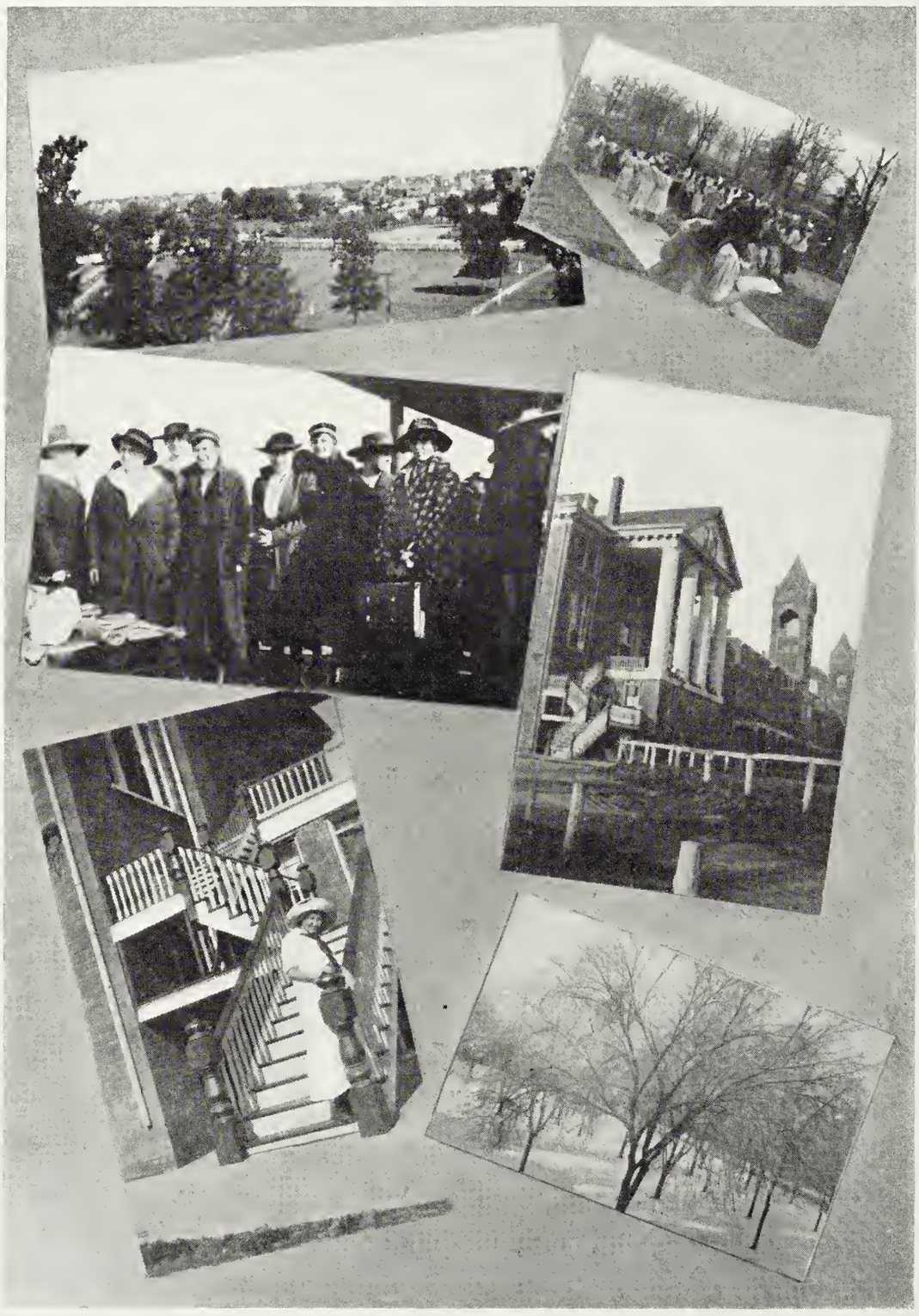
Colors: Red, White and Blue Flower: White Flag

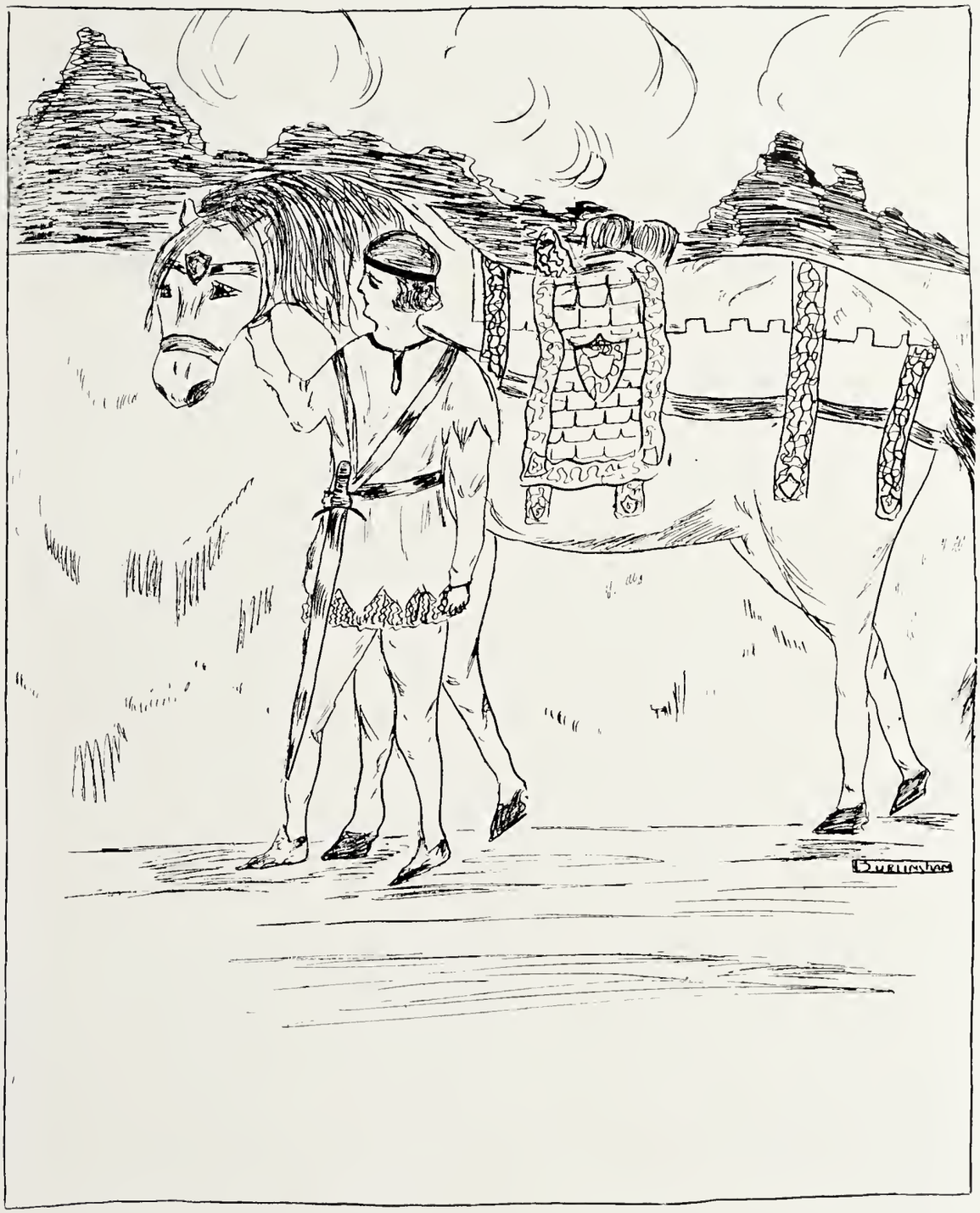
Officers

ALICE E. CLAY.....*President*
ANNIE MAE ADAMS.....*Vice-President*
ELLA ROBERTSON.....*Secretary*
CLARE ROBERTSON.....*Treasurer*

Members

Margaret Alston
Alice Bailey
Agnes Bevan
Dimple Blevins
Bertha Brockenbrough
Elaine Bullock
Alice Burlingham
Amy Burton
Lula Cates
Ruth Coleman
Lola De Boe
Gladys Drinkard
Pettice Forbes
Virginia Forbes
Janie Gilliam
Mabel E. Harris
Mary Louise Hatcher
Alma Heltzel
Irene Hesson
Wilson Hodges
Clara Hooker
Irene Huckstep
Pauline Hunter
Pearl Knight
Lillian Lewis
Gladys Lillard
Pearle Love
Lillian McLaughlin
Elise Moore
Lucile B. Moore
Frances Murrel
Helen Nevins
Mary Nevins
Evelyn Ridgely
Carrie Rowland
Rose Sampson
Elsie Skinner
Pansy Smith
Ruth Smith
Vida Lee Stevens
Josephine Swanson
Gladys Temple
Lorene Thomas
Edna Vaughan
Calphurina Walker
Mamie Waterfield
Ruth Warren
Irene Wells
Louise Windsor
Myrtle Wynn





Then, a squire to King Knowledge he is made

JUNIOR ACADEMIC CLASS

Mary E. Moore '19
Prospect Va & Tunda, Belgian Congo
Africa

Jennie Barnes
Kenbridge, Va

Junior Academic Class

Motto: *"Ad astra"*

Flower: Violet

Colors: Purple and Gold

Officers

ELIZABETH LOCKE ..... *President*
VERNA JACKSON ..... *Vice-President*
MILDRED SHELTON ..... *Secretary*
EUNICE CROSS ..... *Treasurer*

Members

Martha Lee Adams
Jean Ackiss
Mary Albright
Shirley Albright
Lula Anderson
Gladys Atkins
Inez Banks
Jennie Barnes
Ellen Barrow
Maudine Blevins
Mary Canada
Arline Camden
Hattie Camp
Marjorie Cardwell
Virginia Chanell
Juanita Coleman
Virginia Coleman
Mary Christian
Sue Cole
Isabel Crank
Eunice Cross
Mavin Crowder
Agnes Cunningham
Florine Davenport
Lela Dey
Linda Diggs
Essie Etheridge
Celeste Feddeman
Eva Felton
Edna Ferguson
Eula Ferguson
Edith Field
Nina Fulford
Lucile Futrell
Esther Gayle
Annie Gariss
Kathryn Guider
Elizabeth Hardy
Florence Harris
Ruth Harris
Kate Harrison
Gladys Harrell
Elizabeth Headley
Marjorie Hepburn
Lucile Heltzel
Lyla Henderson
Ethyl Hill
Elizabeth Hodges
Annie Hopkins
Irene Horner
Sarah Irby
Verna Jackson
Hattie Johnson
Sarah Jones
Evelyn Lilly
Elizabeth Locke
Mary Leigh Logwood
Gladys Marks
Marjorie Marsh
Mary Moore
Ruth Naudain
Blanche O'Kennon
Miriam Orton
Louise Otwell
Lucile Overstreet
Ruth Ould
Agnes Ozlin
Ellen Passmore
Ethel Pittman
Carrie Pierce
Cornelia Pierce
Annie Belle Quinerly
Lavinia Reeves
Ruth Richardson
Juanita Rodgers
Annie Sale
Lilly Saunders
Ruth Shell
Mildred Shelton
Vera Short
Elizabeth Simms
Grace Singleton
Gladys Smith
Ora Smithson
Dorothy Sparklin
Emily Stafford
Eva Stickel
Jennie Southerland
Mary Stewart
Hanna Thomas
Indie Thompson
Nellie Trent
Jessie Turner
Margaret Trader
Margaret Vaughan
Marjorie Vaughan
Louise Williams
Mildred Williams
Mary Young
Cora Younger

The Senior Academic Class Poem

Blaekstone College, Alma Mater,
  While the sun sinks in the west,
Sad, I stand here thinking—
  Thinking of these halls I love the best.
I reeall the sweetest memories
  Of these years I've spent in thee,
But this sad thought eomes e'er before me—
  I must soon depart from thee.

Yes, depart, perhaps forever,
  And you, dear friends, I'll see no more;
But I'll love you just as dearly
  As in years that've gone before.
And we'll all be bound together
  By friendship's golden chain,
And eaeh year the links will closer bind us,
  Till in heaven we'll meet again.

May each one take up her burden
  With a smile upon her faee;
Bravely fight her battles,
  And gladly run Life's race.
And may its end be glorious,
  Like the setting of the sun
When a perfect day is ended,
  And a perfect race is run.

He is knighted by King Knowledge and putteth on his armor

Senior Academic Class

MOTTO: *Possumus atque faciemus*

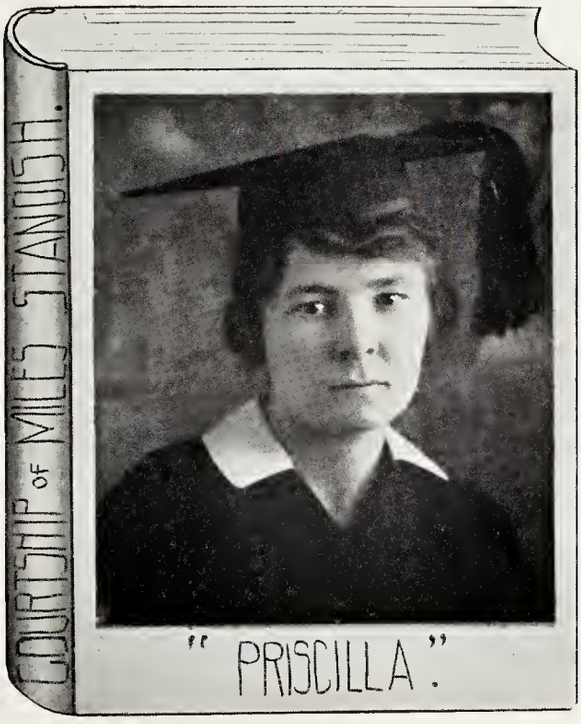
FLOWER: White Rose COLORS: Green and White

Officers

HORTENSE M. DUNCAN.....*President*
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON.....*Vice-President*
HANNAH H. HOUGH.....*Secretary*
VIRGINIA F. BLAND.....*Treasurer*

EUNICE LILLARD
Mascot '18

Cannon Ball



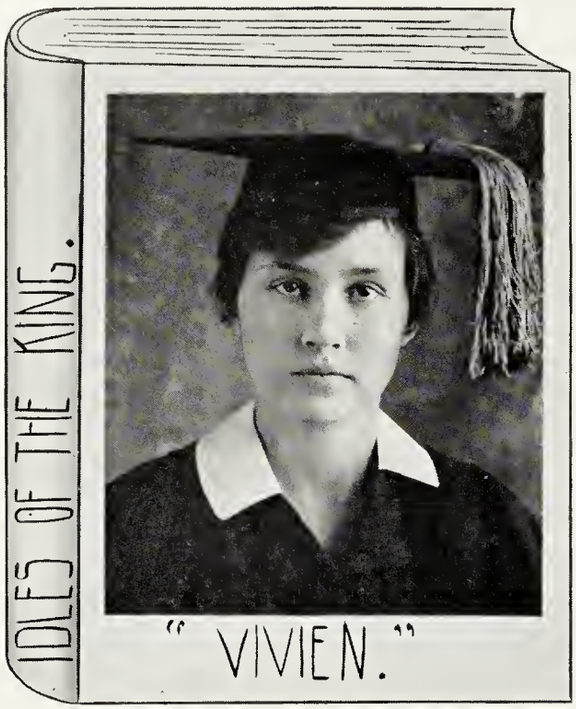
ALLIE ALBERTA ATKINSON
COLLIERS, S. C.

Her quiet, demure manner reminds us of Longfellow's heroine.

CLARICE HORTENSTINE BAKER
SHENANDOAH, VA.

Through perseverance, strength of character, and self-sacrifice Clarice has attained the place of respect she holds among us.

Cannon Ball



Dorothy Catherine Ball
WEEMS, VA.

Only a person like Dorothy would be able to guard the stores of Merlin's wisdom she finds in the countless Pedagogy books she reads.

Virginia Frances Bland
COLOGNE, VA.

Lovable, conscientious, law-abiding—her chief ambition is to play Polichinelle, from Rachmaninoff, like Tschaikowsky.

Mrs. R. P. Hank

Cannon Ball

NINA MILTON BRADSHAW
BLACKSTONE, VA.

Behind Nina's quiet, winning mien lies hidden the brilliant wits of Rebecca, the Jewess.

JANIE DELLE CALLIS
LABAN, VA.

She goes about her work in her unobtrusive way, but worthy and successful are the results.

Cannon Ball

ELIZABETH BELLE CASTLEBERRY
SALEM, ARK.

In the day of wireless, submarines, and aeroplanes, how one delights to find a "Polly" who comes with her quaint, old-fashioned modesty.

RUSSELL WRAY COLEMAN
WELLVILLE, VA.

"He that speaketh truth, showeth forth righteousness."

Mrs. N. G. Carter
202 E. Jefferson Ave
Crewe, Va.

Cannon Ball

CHARLOTTE FRANCES COMER
BLACKSTONE, VA.

Christiana—her life is described by her name; for it radiates true Christian influence on all the associates.

MARY MARGARET COOK
ROANOKE, VA.

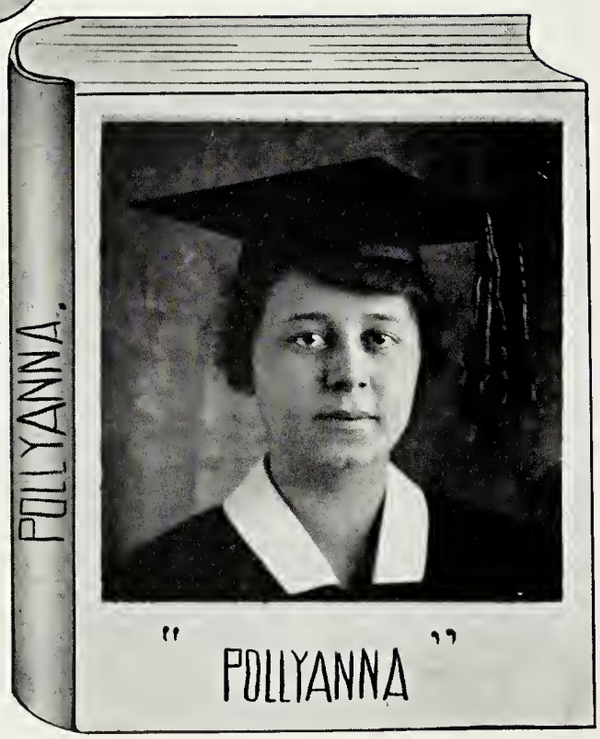
Miss Gibbie Gault: "Some folks think they are showin' off what they is, but I say they're showin' off what they ain't."

Cannon Ball

LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON
WHITAKERS, N. C.

We are sure that "Lotus" will excel this character in self-sacrifice, love for others, and even in the practice of medicine.

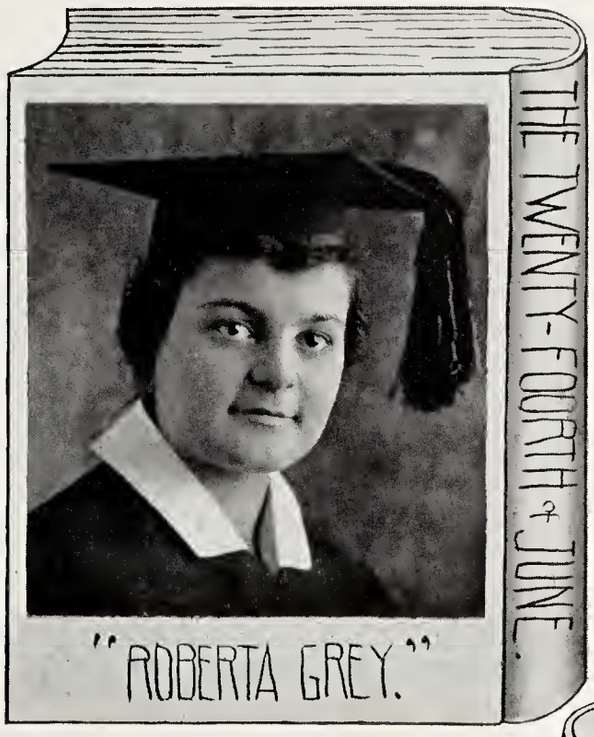
Annie was having fun!
Lotus, — 1950 —



HORTENSE MARJORIE DUNCAN
PELHAM, N. C.

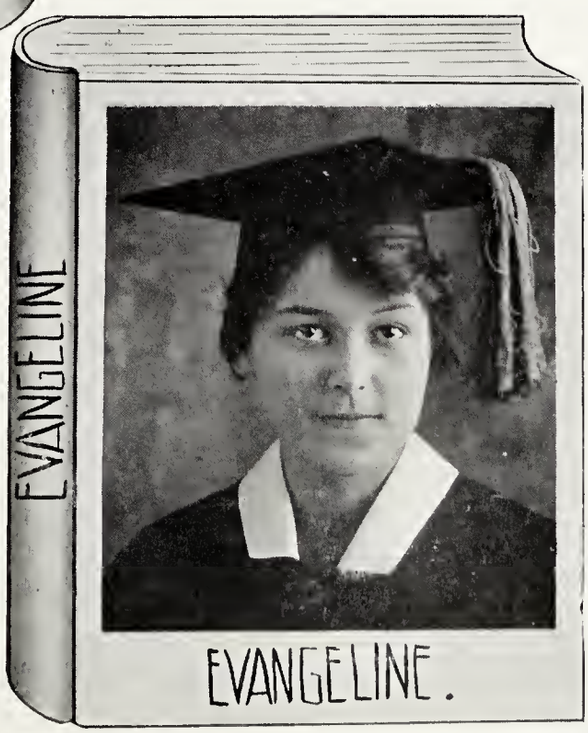
A friend tried and true is our president, whose purity, kindness, and cheery smile make all our burdens lighter.

Cannon Ball



AGNES OLD FEREBEE
SHAWBORO, N. C.

O Roberta! how numerous are thy charms—womanliness, grace, and comradeship!



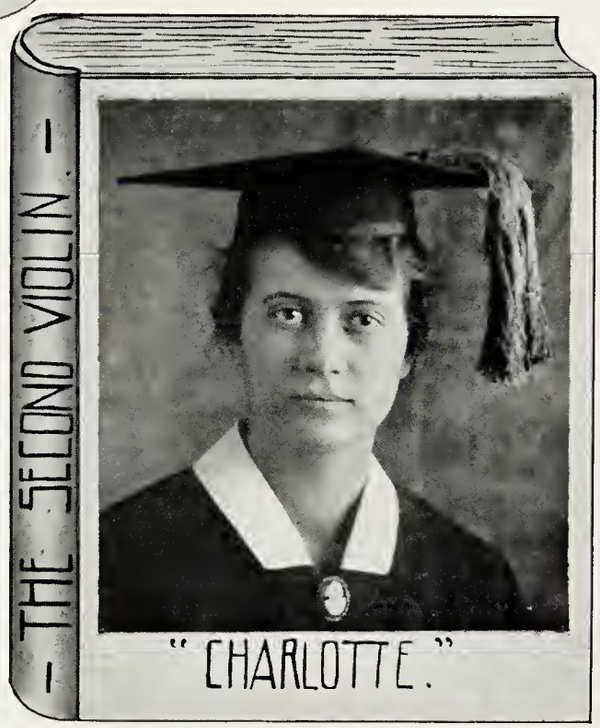
DOROTHY ANNE FRANKLIN
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Behold, through the dim hospital wards comes "Dot" in the becoming garb of a Red Cross nurse, flitting from bed to bed, bringing smiles to those around her.

Cannon Ball

MARTHA FARLEY GARBEE
LAWYERS, VA.

Her amiable, obliging disposition suits Martha to play the part of Miss Tox.



ISABELLE COVEY GOSLIN
LINKWOOD, MD.

Isabelle's character is as rich and as full as the note of "The Second Violin"—full of cordiality, capability, and harmony.

Cannon Ball

THELMA FRANCES HAMM
BARBOURSVILLE, VA.

In her quiet, simple, homelike ways Thelma plays well the part of "Meg."

NANCY BELLE HARRISON
POCAHONTAS, VA.

Who would guess that beneath Nancy's sympathetic, studious bearing there lies hidden such a wealth of mischievous fun?

Cannon Ball

THELMA KATHLEEN HENDERSON
CATAWBA, VA.

Opportunity knocks! But Thelma will not keep him waiting—that's how she won her place among us.

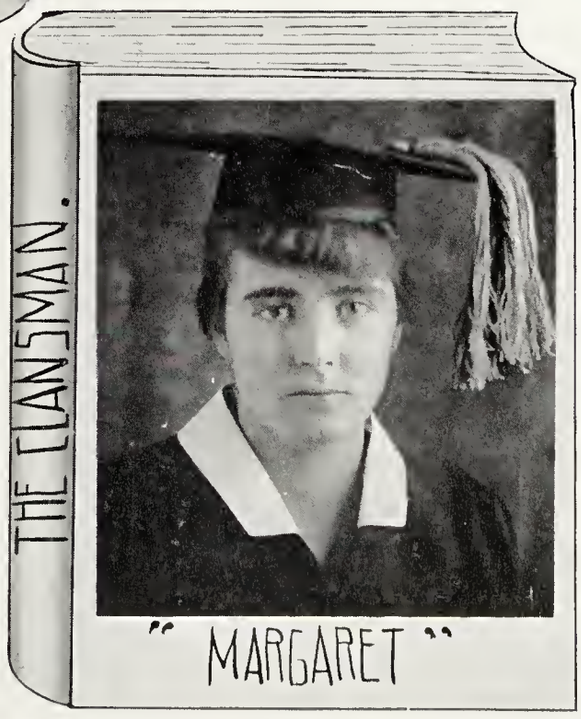
ELEANOR ELIZABETH HEPLER
MEADOW BLUFF, W. VA.

Her impetuous, sunshiny disposition, her will-power, and her literary talent plainly characterize Eleanor as "Jo."

Cannon Ball

HANNAH HARPER HOUGH
NORFOLK, VA.

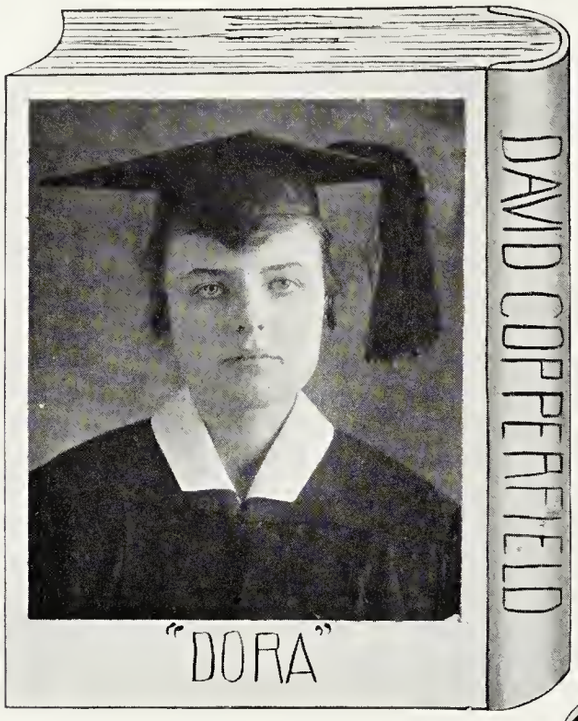
She is no less than a wonder—every day showing one more of the admirable characteristics which shall some day blossom forth in the full perfection of noble womanhood.



KATIE BLACK JOHNSON
MILWAUKEE, N. C.

True Southern womanhood is personified in her gentle manners.

Cannon Ball



Martie Cowart Kirwan
COWART, VA.

Though a clinging vine in her affections, she needs nothing to cling to when it comes to Latin and Math.

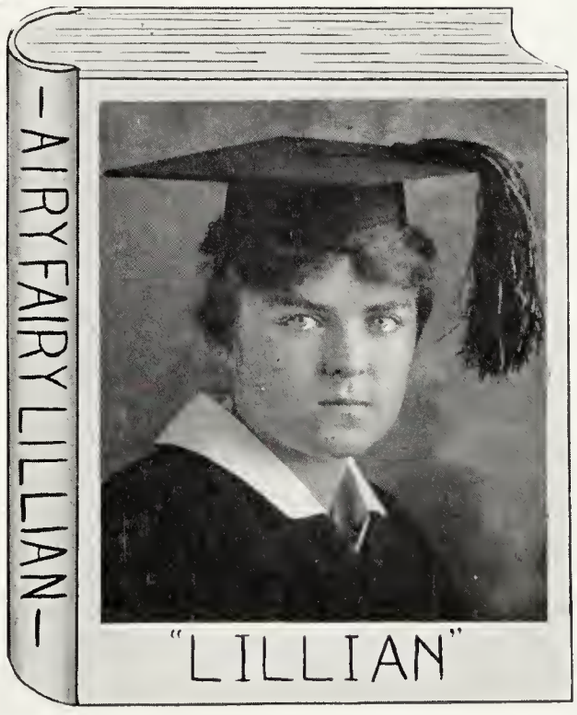
Myrtle Lee Lewis
GROTONS, VA.

What name could suit Myrtle but Penrod—and who but Penrod could play such pranks on all people in all places?

Cannon Ball

PAULINE SHACKFORD LOGWOOD
BEDFORD, VA.

Will Pauline ever grow up or will she always continue to radiate the charms of the heroine of "The Glory of Youth"?



MAE OLIVER MANSON
ROANOKE, VA.

Parties, frills, and furbelows;
Auto rides and beaux;
Airy, fairy Lillian,
That's the way she goes.

Cannon Ball

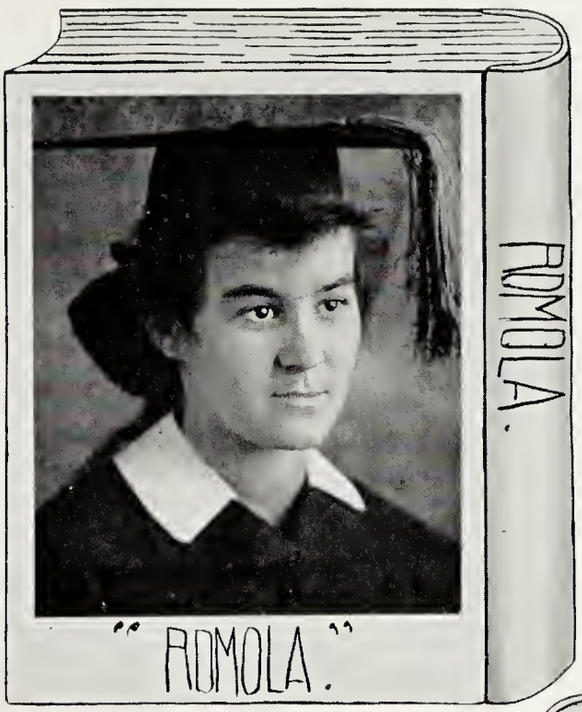
CHRISTINE MCIVOR
MONROE, VA.

"He that is faithful in a few things shall be made ruler over many."

EULA GLYDEN NASH
WIGHTMAN, VA.

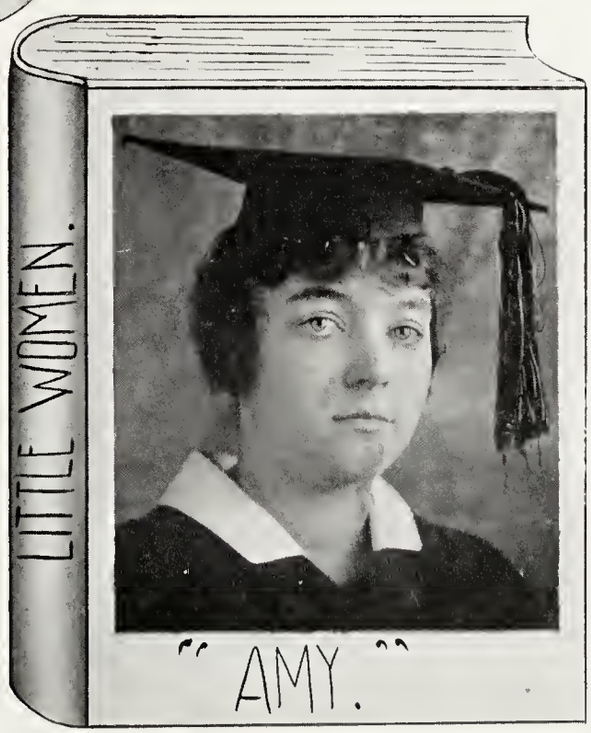
A delight to the schoolmaster's heart —a model pupil is "Emmy Lou."

Cannon Ball



EMMA LAURA ROBERTSON
WOODSDALE, N. C.

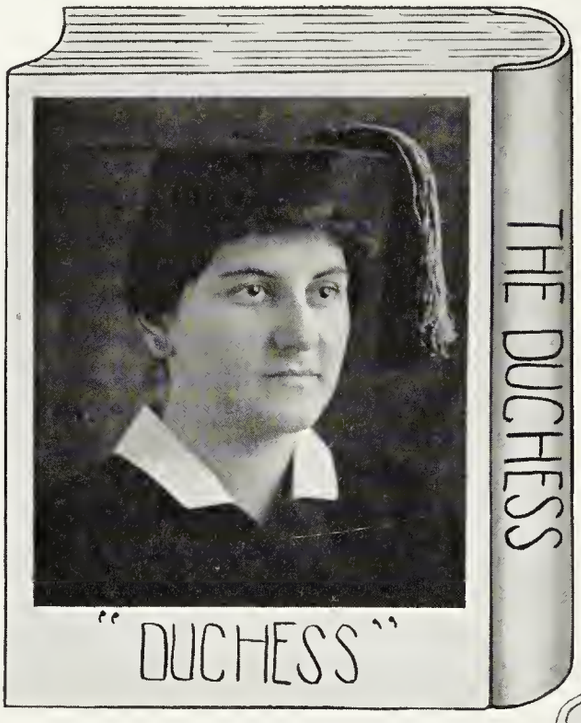
Truth, strength, and faith we find engraved on the character of Romola.



MARY JEANETTE ROBINSON
VICTORIA, VA.

To Paris she goes with her brush in her hand,
Her fame as an artist spreads o'er the land.

Cannon Ball



BESSIE SALMONS
WOOLWINE, VA.

And pray to whom else could be ascribed the name of Duchess than to Bessie, with her queenly air and stately bearing?

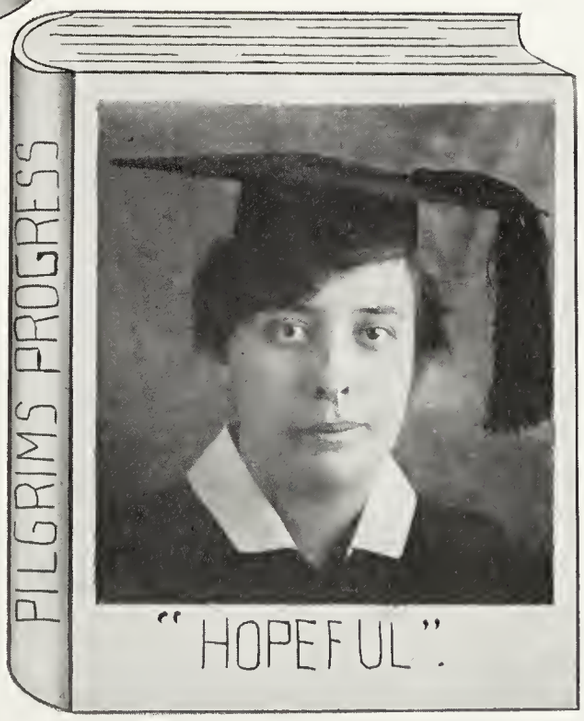
MINNIE MAY SCALES
UNION LEVEL, VA.

Though she has only been with us one year, "Lovey Mary" has won a place in our hearts by her true friendship and faithful work.

Cannon Ball

MYRTLE GAYE SINER
COPPER HILL, VA.

We do not know that "Little Nell" had the musical aspirations that Myrtle has, but we know they both have the same simple ways and lovable disposition.



WILLIE BELLE STANLEY
GASBURG, VA.

Some day Belle's hopes will be realized, and the fruit of her silence will be known.

Cannon Ball

Bessie Louise Taylor
COLEMAN FALLS, VA.

Act First

Scene I—Model country schoolhouse.

Instructor—Bessie Louise Taylor (who by her firm and gentle manners keeps perfect order).

Nettie Virginia Trader
OAK HALL, VA.

Though Nettie talks like Sarah Gamp,
She's sweet and generous as can be.
We never see her frown nor fuss,
Till it comes to working Geometry.

Cannon Ball

MARY EMILINE WATERS
BURKEVILLE, VA.

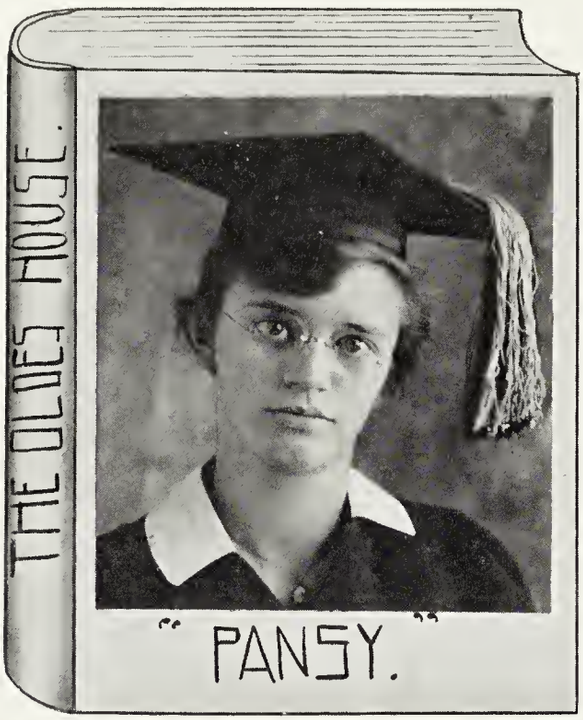
A smile, a tear, and a heart full of comradeship—that's Mary.

MABEL PEARLE WRIGHT
BEDFORD, VA.

A tiny, secluded studio, with all the wealth of Nature's beauty to paint—Mabel's ideal of life.

Mrs. Garrett G. Ballard

Cannon Ball

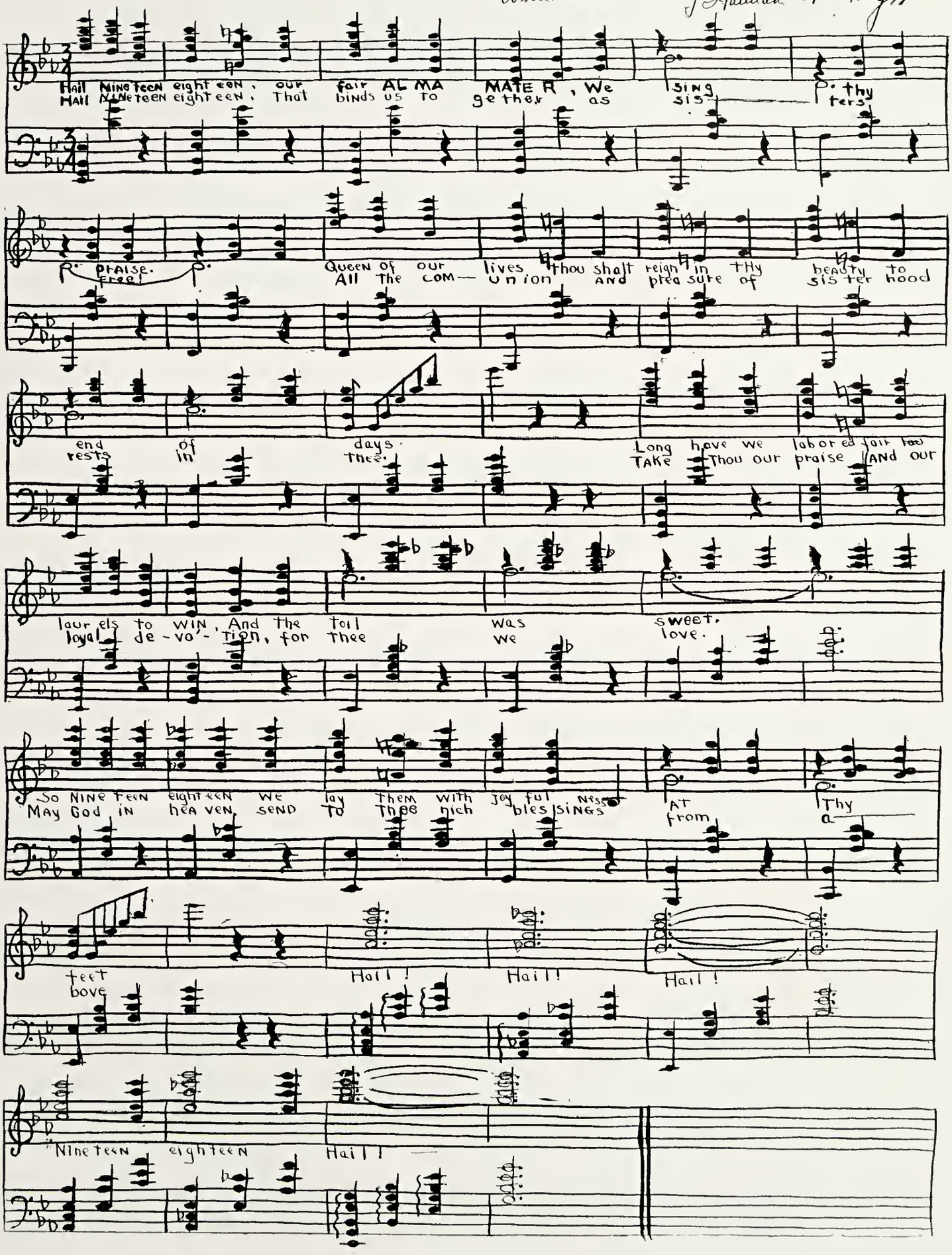


TERESA IRENE ZOLLINGER
SAXE, VA.

Though there is no end to the work Teresa is taking up, she seems to always have time to win for herself many friends by her happy and cheerful disposition.

CLASS SONG - 1918.

Words and Music by Hannah A Hough


Hail Nineteen eighteen, our fair ALMA MATER, We sing thy
Hail Nineteen eighteen, That binds us to gether as sis ters!
praise. free!
Queen of our lives thou shalt reign in thy beauty to
All the com— union and pleasure of sis ter hood
end of days.
rests in thee.
Long have we labored fair too
TAKE Thou our praise AND our
laurels to WIN, And the toil was sweet.
loyal de-vo'-tion, for thee we love.
So Nineteen eighteen we lay them with joyful blessings
May God in heaven send to thee rich ness
AT Thy
from a
feet
bove
Hail! Hail! Hail!
Nineteen eighteen Hail!

Wondering

In a bungalow he dwells all alone,
And that bungalow is his only home.
It's surrounded by trees, his horses, and barn,
In the front lies his field of last year's corn.

I wonder if of cooking he ever tires,
Or of washing dishes, and making fires,
Just for himself, and never another,
And if ever he wishes there was another.

I wonder, too, if his whistling is gay,
If he really is happy living that way;
Or if some time, when he's making his tea,
If he stops—and lingers, and thinks about—me.

L. H.

His lady bestoweth her token on him and sendeth him forth to the conquest of higher knowledge

Junior College Class

Motto: *"Res non verba"*

Colors: Green and Gold Flower: Yellow Chrysanthemum

Officers

WINNIE HOSKINS.....*President*
GRACE ROUSE.....*Vice-President*
EVELYNE GARNETT.....*Secretary*
AGNES BURGESS.....*Business Manager*
JUNE FISHPAW.....*Treasurer*

Cannon Ball

Agnes Burgess
BURGESS STORE, VA.

Here's to Burgess, our basket-
ball star,
It's tall and slender and smart
you are.

Isabella Coyl
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Next comes Queen Isabella
with stately tread;
Look how high she carries her
head.

Mary Virginia Bussells
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Mary-Jinny's right witty—we'll
all give her that—
Tho' her words come slowly
they're never flat.

Ray Coffman
FRIENDSHIP, TENN.

In elocution Ray has no equal,
And Fay follows her like a
sequel.

Fay Coffman
FRIENDSHIP, TENN.

For with little Fay the whole
world is amiss
If she isn't with her beloved
"thith."

Cannon Ball

Carrie Lee Clark
ROPER, N. C.

"Oh! Carrie Lee plays basket-ball,
And is always watched by the admiring 'Hall'."

Nannie Sue Crute
WILSON, N. C.

Oh, boy! Look out for Nannie Sue,
For there's no telling what she'll do.

Wilma Clark
ROPER, N. C.

Oh! Wilma, she's jolly; Oh! Wilma, she's merry,
Whenever you see her she's always cheery.

June Fishpaw
BERRYVILLE, VA.

Oh! June, she well deserves that name,
Always happy, always the same.

Ethel Fishpaw
BERRYVILLE, VA

And Ethel, too, so sweet and shy,
But in Geometry you can never pass her by.

Cannon Ball

Evelyne Garnett
BUCKINGHAM, VA.

Evelyne Garnett has little to say,
But she smiles and looks happy all day.

Wingfield Hardy
DRIVER, VA.

Wingfield is our Geometry shark,
She can work originals in the dark.

Louise Harry
ACCOMAC, VA.

Tho' she's little, Louise can't be beat;
She's as bright as a penny and just as sweet.

Alma Hopkins
ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

O Alma! sweet Alma, why are you gay?
Is it because the Academy is not far away?

Winnie Hoskins
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Winnie got crazy one Sunday night,
And got everybody in a fright.

Cannon Ball

Gladys Humston
BERRYVILLE, VA.

Alas! it is sad when Evelyne
and Gladys have fussed,
But still we know soon make
up they must.

Annie Mathews
CHARLIE HOPE, VA.

Annie is always meek and
demure,
But in her lessons she is
always sure.

Esther James
IRVINGTON, VA.

Poor little Esther is always on
the bum;
Let "Cruta" holler "Ee-oo!"
and she'll surely come.

Edith Monahan
BLACKSTONE, VA.

Edith is a fortunate critter,
She doesn't have to eat hash or
that awful rice fritter.

Geneva Morrison
WILMORE, KY.

Geneva is as fine a girl as can
be,
But she has a weakness for
D—N. B.

Cannon Ball

Lucile Pond
WAKEFIELD, VA.

Cele is the sweetest girl in our class,
But room A—N. B.—she can not pass.

Lucy Pearson
BRISTOL, VA.

At the last gong comes Lucy with both shoes unlaced,
Never a washrag having touched her face.

Selden Ragland
CENTRALIA, VA.

Poor Selden is in a very bad strait,
Between Tillman and Bill hangs her fate.

Clarisse Rose
HENDERSON, N. C.

Clarisse in her room is always neat,
But casing Miss Anderson is her latest feat.

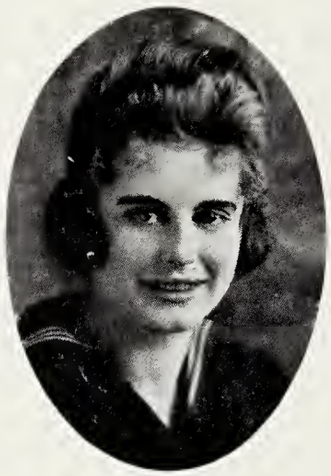
Grace Rouse
REMINGTON, VA.

Grace's ambition in life is to win
The place as the third Coffman twin.

Cannon Ball

Helen Sharpe
HARRELLSVILLE, N. C.

Helen will Miss Ritchie console,
When on Mr. Beville she loses her hold.

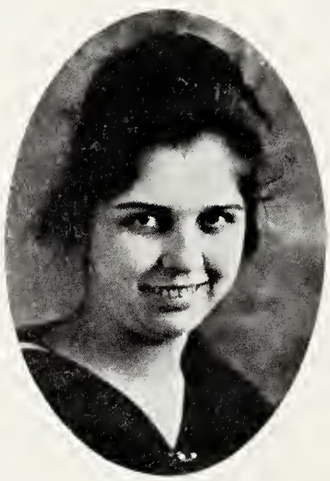


Bessie Vaughan
TAMPA, FLA.

On Thursdays you will see Bessie in town,
To see if the Academy boys are down.

Clarissa Veisbehn
SHANGHAI, CHINA

"Shanghai" we call her, from the place whence she hails,
And we listen with admiring awe to her tales.

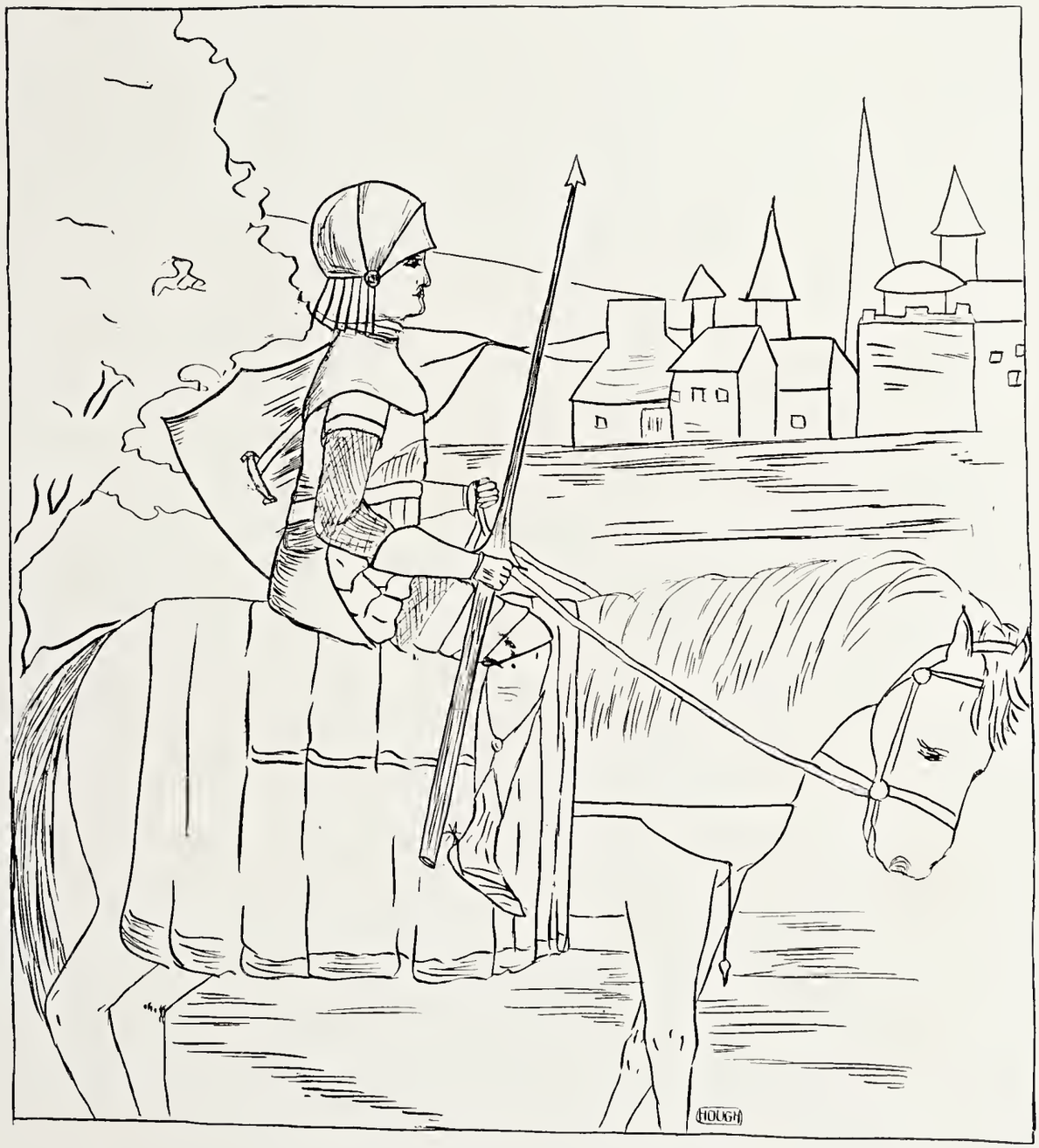


Grace Ware
AMHERST, VA.

Grace has cheeks like a rose,
And brown eyes that will conquer any number of foes.

Helen Winfield
STONY CREEK, VA.

On the porches at night with Miss Stuart she walks,
And we wonder of whom she so ardently talks.



The knight returneth from the fray, for he hath attained the prize—Education

Cannon Ball

Senior College Class

Motto: Excelsior.

Flower: Sweet Pea

Colors: Gray and Old Rose

Officers

V. HELEN AMES ..... *President*
MARGARET LIGHT ..... *Vice-President*
MARY WILLIS ..... *Business Manager*
SARAH HALL ..... *Secretary*
VARINA RHODES ..... *Treasurer*

"Shack" and "Ed" Cannon
Mascots

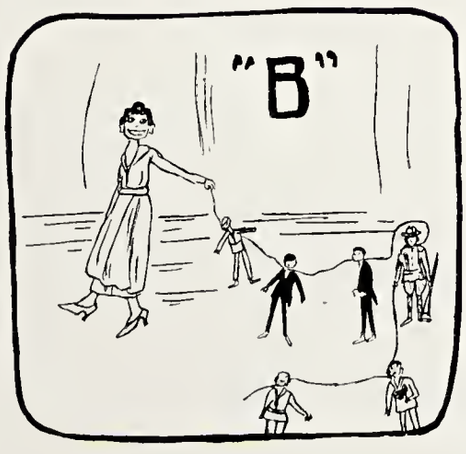
Cannon Ball

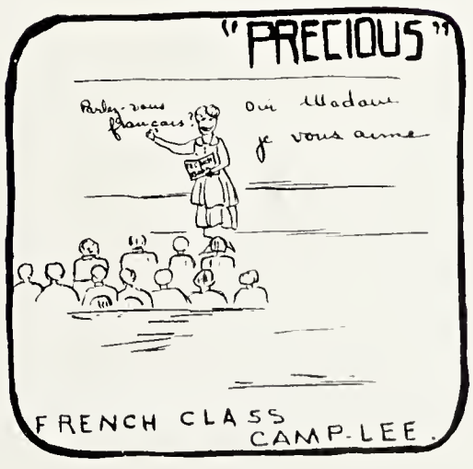
LUCY OBEDIENCE ADAMS
BLACKSTONE, VA.

"Woe be unto thee, for thou art much in love."

VIRGINIA HELEN AMES
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

"Esteemed and respected by all who knew her."

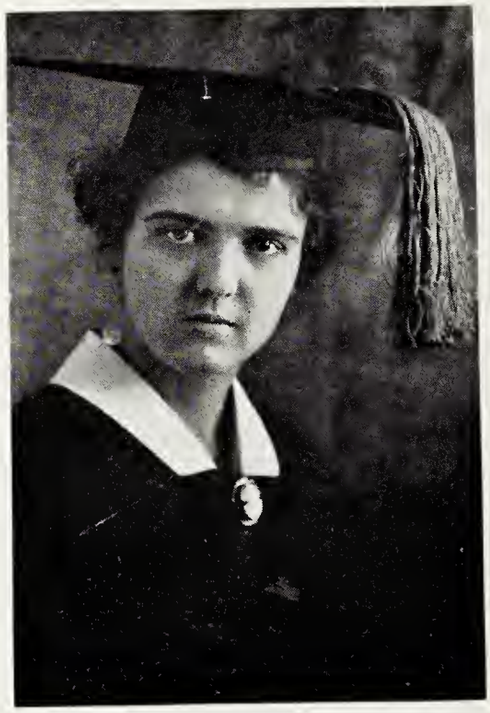




Cannon Ball

MERRY ROZINE BARKSDALE
RED HILL, VA.

"Few things are impossible to diligence and study."



RUTH ELIZABETH BROWN
FEDERALSBURG, MD.

"The glorious privilege of being independent."

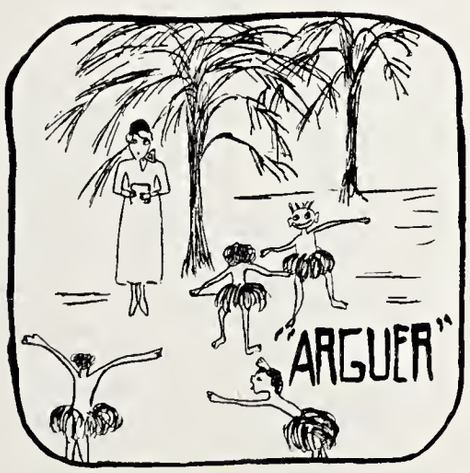
Cannon Ball

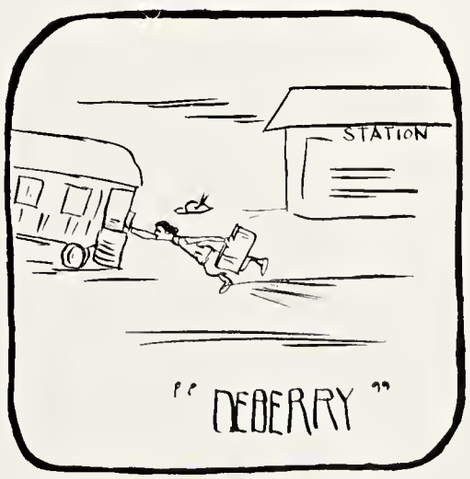
HELEN ELIZABETH COLEMAN
CREWE, VA.

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

MYRA DEBERRY
BLACKSTONE, VA.

"Thou sayest such an undisputed thing in such a solemn way."



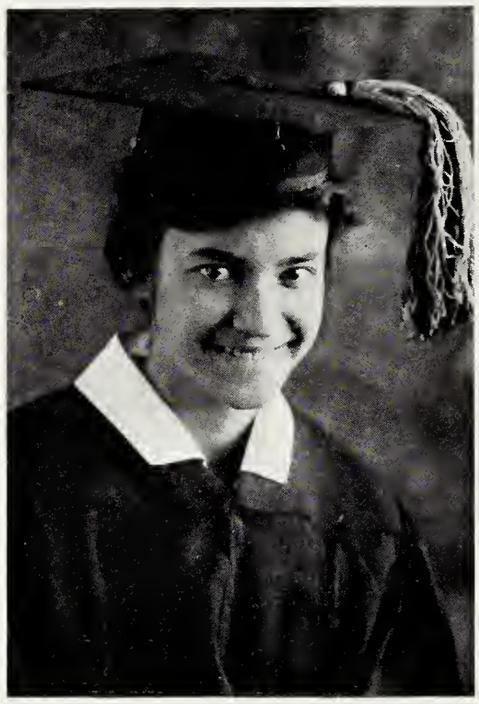


Helen E. Coleman
Love

Cannon Ball

MARGARET WILBOURNE ELDER
BROOKNEAL, VA.

"And tho' I hope not hence unscathed to go,
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe."



THELMA ESTELLE GARLAND
WARSAW, VA.

"Small—but big in deeds."

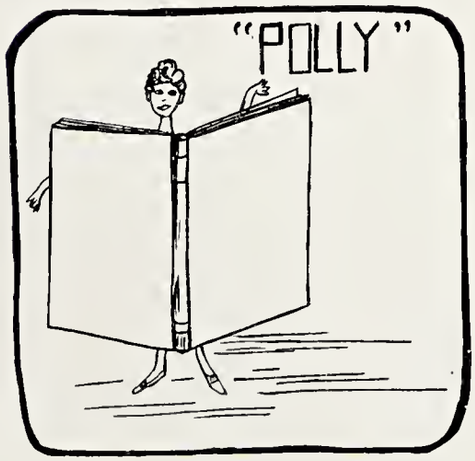
Cannon Ball

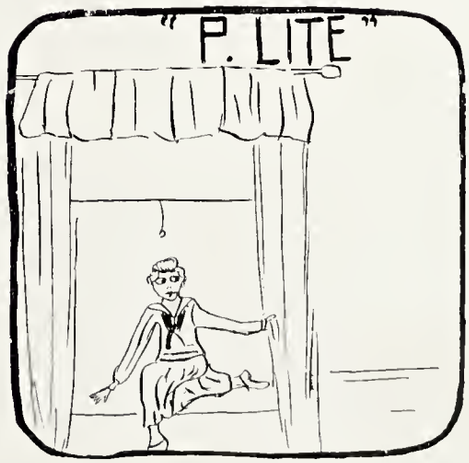
Margaret Alford Hall
BURKEVILLE, VA.

"Knowledge is the treasure of a wise woman."

Margaret Preston Light
HINTON, W. VA.

"I seem a saint when most I play the devil."





Cannon Ball

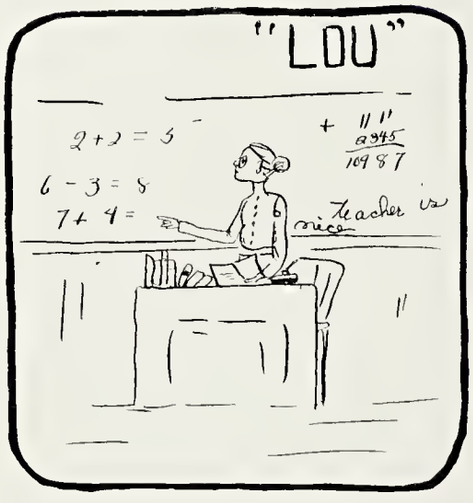
JESSIE HELEN SIMS
STAR, OKLA.

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."

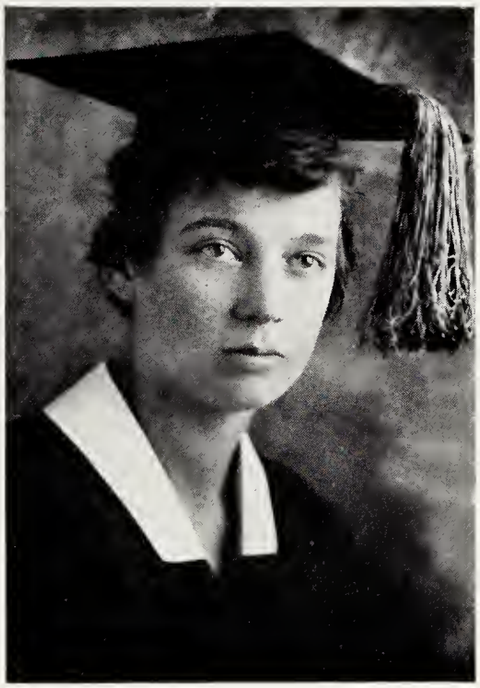
MARTHA LOUISE WARE
WAKEFIELD, VA.

"On their own merits women are dumb."

Mrs. A. Berry Neal
1716 Arlington
Roanoke, Va



Cannon Ball



Mary Elizabeth Willis
CAPRON, VA.

"For her heart was like the sea,
Ever open, brave, and free."

Sarah Agnes Hall
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

"Thinking will make me mad. Why must I think?"

Varina Moore Rhodes
LOUISA, VA.

Mrs. P. Clark Hide
Died - Jan. 1952

"She thinks too much; such girls are dangerous."

Class Song of '18

TUNE: "Keep the Home Fires Burning"

We're the class of nineteen-eighteen,
And we wave our banner high,
And it points toward the sky.
Our Dean she gave us courage,
By her life so pure and strong,
And with such an inspiration
We write this for our song.

CHORUS:

Ever higher, higher,
Ever reaching higher.
Tho' in the future we sometimes see
A dark cloud rise.
We have God above us,
Who doth hover o'er us,
And we'll strive to do His will
Till we win the prize.

On the voyage of life we're launching,
For success we do not fear,
We know we received our training
In Blackstone College dear.
We will always sing her praises,
As thru life we go along,
And we'll ne'er forget our motto,
For we sing it in this song.—CHO.

Narcissus' Mirror

April 5, 1903.

Dear Mr. Diary:

This is my twelfth birthday! Uncle Tom gave you to me for a birthday present and I promised him I'd write everything in you. It was sunny this morning when I woke up, and I hopped out of bed singing "mos beatos"—O happy me!—instead of that "Nos Beatos" our Latin teacher taught us.

Everybody was so nice to me all day long, and Mother didn't make me take care of Baby Brother once!

April 6, 1903.

Oh, I'm so mad I could pop! I wish there wasn't any such thing as a Baby Brother. He always gets in my way just when I'm starting to have a good time. Mary James, my chum, and I had planned to go to the woods and play in the spring, and see if there was any trailing arbutus left. And just as we were going out of the door, Mother had to call me and ask me if I wouldn't take that Baby Brother along, as she was tired. I didn't want to at all, because he's such a bother and you never can have a good time when he's along. So I frowned, and said I didn't want to. Mother said, "All right, then, Julia, go on. I just thought maybe you would like to help Mother."

I was glad she wouldn't let me take him, but I felt kind of funny when she said she thought I wanted to help her.

Anyway, we went to the woods, but somehow we didn't have such a good time. All the arbutus must be gone because we couldn't find a bit.

After supper to-night Daddy called me into the library and gave me a horrid old lecture, and said I must help Mother, as she wasn't strong. I do help her—lots!

April 12, 1903.

Oh, Grandma came yesterday! We always have such a good time when she comes. She brought us just lots of pink and green peppermints. This afternoon, as it was raining, she brought out a great big book and read to us. This is one story she read: She said it was a myth, but I believe it is true. She read that one time, long, long ago, there was a beautiful youth named

Narcissus, whom all the nymphs (girl fairies) fell in love with. But he didn't love any of them. One nymph, Echo, loved him more than the rest, but, for some punishment for something she did, she was not allowed to speak until some one spoke to her. (That's what Grandma says little girls should do, but I don't think so.) Narcissus wouldn't pay any attention to her, so she went away and died. The avenging goddess was very angry with Narcissus and decided to punish him. One day when he was hunting he came to a pretty little spring, just like the one in our woods. He leaned over to take a drink and saw his face looking back up at him just like a mirror. He had never seen a mirror before, so he was surprised and didn't know who it was. He fell in love with his face. He tried to touch it, but of course he couldn't. So he pined away and died, just like Echo. Where his body was the little white narcissus that grows by our spring came. He turned into a flower!

To-morrow, if it doesn't rain, I'm going into the woods and look into the spring and see if I can't fall in love with my face like Narcissus did. Good night, Mr. Diary.

April 13, 1903.

I'm real disappointed. It was lovely and sunshiny out to-day, so this morning right after breakfast, before Mother could get a chance to ask me to wipe the dishes, I slipped out and went to the spring. I looked in, but something was the matter. I could see my face all right, but I didn't fall in love with it as I thought I would. It looked all sour and ugly and I didn't like it a bit. So I had an idea, and in the afternoon I went back again and tried everything. I put a wreath of violets on my head, put on my best dress, and even curled my hair, but it didn't do a bit of good. Maybe when I'm older I'll get pretty like Mother, and then I can fall in love with it. But, now—gee, it's ugly!

. . . . . .

June 3, 1907.

Why, how do you do, Mr. Diary? It has been four years since I've written in you. Now I'm sixteen and Uncle Tom says I think I'm grown up! Please forgive me for neglecting you for such a long time, but I lost you. This morning, while I was cleaning out the attic, I found you!

Baby Brother is now a sturdy little lad of seven and not as much of a bother as he used to be. What do you think, Mr. Diary, Mother is an invalid! She's been feeling badly for a long time, but has just been in bed for a month. Everything seems so queer and different now that she can't walk around and smooth out all our troubles with her calm presence.

I have never forgotten the legend of Narcissus and the "girl fairies." I go down to the spring—we've named it Narcissus' Mirror now—and look into it ever so often, but still I can not seem to fall in love with my face. I wonder why? No matter how much I primp, I can not seem to. Maybe, though, in a few more years, when my freckles all go away, I will be like Narcissus—that is, the good part of him.

June 5, 1907.

Our dear old pastor, Dr. Mason, was here to-day. He came to see Mother a while. She always enjoys his visits so and they talk of fascinating, deep things. I love to listen, although most of it is over my head. Then he talked to me a little in Daddy's office. (Daddy is a doctor, you know.) It was cool in there and I gave Dr. Mason some lemonade. I asked him about the legend of Narcissus and told him how I kept trying to be like him, but there was something lacking in my face. He said something about inner beauty that sounded rather comforting, but I didn't understand it all. He said that I would, when I grew older. I wish people would stop telling me that. Haven't I got *any* sense now? It sounds like in about five or six (or maybe a hundred) years I'll suddenly see a great burst of light and get some sense. Complimentary, I'm sure!

June 8, 1907.

I wanted to go to a dance to-night, and was all dressed up to go—Daddy was going to stay at home with Mother, and Baby Brother was in bed. Just as I was leaving, Dad got a call to a charity patient six miles out in the country. He said he'd have to go. Mother wanted me to go on, and, oh, I did too, more than anything I knew. But Dad put his foot down—hard—and said, no, I must stay. I cried and cried, and I do think Mother could have stayed here by herself all right, don't you? I wouldn't be any good if a burglar came, and, besides, a burglar wouldn't come here. All he'd get would be our knives and forks and they're just plated.

July 19, 1907.

How I love the woods! When I get cross and tired and irritable I just fly to the woods and lie down on the mossy carpet by Narcissus' Mirror and dream. I know I've dreamed away whole weeks and maybe months. I just dream of what I'll do, and how great I'll become. My pathway to the goal of greatness is college. Oh, just one more year and I'll be ready to go! I can hardly wait. Ever since I was a tiny baby Mother and Daddy have been saving up my college fund. It is almost big enough now, and I can go without feeling that I'm making Dad sacrifice for me.

Mother seems to be a little worse to-day. I think it is the heat. Whew! I feel like a sun-dried raisin!

Every day is about the same here. They are rather full days, though, for I have to wait on Mother and now I shall be the cook. For Daddy called me into his study last night and spoke to me more gently than he ever has—although he is always gentle. He said money was mighty scarce now, and Mother's illness was so expensive, that he wondered if, with my help, he couldn't cut down the expenses of the house some? He said he had thought about doing without Alma, the cook, if I could take her place. I'm wild to do it!

August 29, 1907.

Behold in me, Mr. Diary, a tired, hot, blistered, yet happy cook! After several days' hard work, and so many failures, my enthusiasm is not yet dampened a bit, although my brow has been—many times.

For several days I was a rank, flat failure, but to-day I managed to get enough cooked that was fit to eat. Poor Dad is a martyr! He chokes down half-cooked cakes and scorched oatmeal without making a single face. Baby Brother is a perfect little imp, and he eats more than a pig.

September 3, 1907.

Mother is going away! She fainted last Thursday when she tried to get up out of bed! Daddy called in a big city doctor who was visiting in town, and he said Mother wouldn't live much longer at all if she wasn't sent right away to the mountains. As it is, he thought there was some hope if she went right away! I can't believe it, but anyhow she leaves in two days. Dad is

going to take her and then he's coming right straight back to Jimmy and me. I feel so old, and queer, and lonesome all of a sudden! But I know she'll be coming back all well and strong and herself again in just a little while. Then I'll be so glad!

September 5, 1907.

She got off to-day and Jimmy is asleep. Daddy said he'd send me a telegram saying when he would be back. Oh, I've never gotten one, and I think they look so big!

Mother took all my pretty nightgowns and my kimono with her. She didn't want to do it a bit at first, and I didn't want her to, either, but I just couldn't let her go to a big, strange place with her plain nightgowns, could I? And yet Daddy said once I was selfish! I don't think he knows me!

I do wish I had one of those gowns, anyway, to use when Mary comes over. She has everything she wants and even now has a little runabout.

O glory! what was that noise? O-o-oh, just the wind banging a door. Well, "bon nuit," old friend.

September 8, 1907.

Got my telegram to-day and don't say a word about excitement! When the boy brought the book up for me to sign I tried to do it with an off-hand air, just like I got telegrams every five minutes. I opened it, read it casually through, and then said to him in a gracious tone, "There is no answer. That will be all." I think he was very much impressed, for he looked at me silently and called me "ma'am" when he left. He must have been a little scared of my dignity, too, for I could see his shoulders shaking as he walked down the path.

Well, Daddy got home to-night, and little Jimmy and I both went to meet him. He brought us some candy and I had supper all ready for him. I tried real hard, and nothing was scorched for once.

September 11, 1907.

Yes, indeed, I'm quite the lady of the house. Dr. Mason comes in and calls me "Miss Hamilton." He is the nicest old thing. He was here this afternoon, and, as Mother will probably be away for a month or two, and school starts the day after to-morrow, he has promised to teach me each evening in order that I won't get behind. Isn't that fine?

September 15, 1907.

Good evening, sir. I can't decide whether Narcissus' Mirror looks prettier in the spring or fall. The purple asters are growing right by the bank and the brown and red and green and gold oak leaves lie all over the still, still surface of the Mirror. Everything seems mellow and quiet. In spring all is new, and young, and bubbling with life.

I tried again to see my face, for I thought after these few weeks of work maybe that "inner beauty" Dr. Mason spoke of would be there. It looks like my face is a little improved, but still there's nothing so lovable there. Will I ever get it? Dr. Mason says I'm on the right road, but suppose the road ends before I get there?

Heard from Mother to-day. She says it's lovely where she is, and she's getting stronger!

October 17, 1907.

Great excitement in Charlotte Town! There's a new preacher at the Methodist Church! I haven't seen him yet, but Dr. Mason says he is young, intellectual, and fine looking. He's a nephew of Thoreau and inherits a little of his eccentricity, and much of his brains. We surely will have to go to church Sunday.

Mercy, I'm sleepy! Jimmy and I made some molasses candy this afternoon and we simply stuck up the place. Jimmy looked so funny—it got all in his hair—that I teased him and recited that old limerick:

"A fly fell in the syrup jug,
And issued forth a wiser bug.
Then he proclaimed, both far and loud,
"I am stuck up, but am not proud."

Good night!

November 1, 1907.

No, I haven't neglected you, either. I've just been so awfully busy. Mother came home yesterday and everything has been all upset since. But I just thought I'd tell you "hello" and prove to you I'm still existing. I don't see much change in Mother, though Daddy looks grave. Gee, but I'm glad she's back!

Dr. Mason came around this afternoon. He says he's going to bring the new preacher, Hugh Walden, to meet Mother. I've only seen the Hon. Hugh from a distance and he's young, stiff, and *very* dignified.

November 12, 1907.

"The Rubicon is crossed" as I read with much pain in a certain Mr. Julius Cæsar's autobiography. The Hon. Hugh has came and went. He gave me a patronizing glance and went on. So did I. He couldn't lose me! He's a perfect clam, but when he opens up a little he acts halfway human. He is smart, though. He's only twenty-two! No, don't worry, Mr. Diary. Elsie Howard, the prettiest girl in town from all accounts, has made a dead set for him, and there's no chance for me. Besides, didn't I tell you how he looked at me? Did it sound like a "soulful gaze"? He didn't even stop to count my freckles.

December 4, 1907.

Between housework (doesn't that sound ancient?), a few lessons at night with Dr. Mason, and Christmas presents, I am sadly tempted to take to drinking grape juice—spiked, only it costs too much. "Costs too much!" I hear that phrase or clause every time I turn around. I can't have this, and I can't have that, for it "costs too much." Well, Julia Hamilton, you should be ashamed of talking like that, you good-for-nothing insect! Doesn't all the extra money need to go on Mother? Why, yes, so there!

December 24, 1907.

"'Twas the night before Christmas," etc., etc., ad infinitum. Daddy and I fixed the tree in Mother's room after Jimmy had gone to bed. Then Mother and I talked for a long, long time on the Spirit of Christmas, and other things. Oh, when, when will I be able to look into Narcissus' Mirror and see what I want to see? I'm so imperfect, and it doesn't seem like I can ever overcome everything.

Well, good night, old friend, and Merry Christmas!

December 31, 1907.

Of course, I had a lovely Christmas. Don't people always have lovely Christmases? At least they say they do, anyway. I gave Mother the shawl

I had knitted for her. She and Daddy gave me a beautiful bracelet and several other things. Dr. Mason, bless his heart, gave me his whole set of Sir Walter Scott! I'd been borrowing them from him, but he said he was getting old, and, as he didn't have any children, he wanted me to have them! They're the nicest, old-timest looking things, and have the queerest pictures!

To-morrow it will be "next year," won't it? And a year from now I guess I'll be thinking about going back to college! Oh, I can't imagine it!

January 8, 1908.

Saw and completely horrified the Hon. Hugh this P. M. Jimmy and I were hanging on to Mr. Brown's, the grocer's wagon, with our sleds, and having a fine time, when who should ride by but Hughey! He lifted his hat, but I thought he'd roll out of his buggy.

This evening I was in Mother's room and she asked me to read the Twenty-Third Psalm to her. I started it, but when I got to the part, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," I choked all up, and couldn't go any further. But I don't believe anything could happen to her—why, what would we do?

January 30, 1908.

Mother is awfully ill. The doctor and a trained nurse have been here all day, and the nurse will stay. Dr. Mason wanted to take me home with him to-night but I wouldn't go. Mr. Diary, I can't write any more to-night.

February 5, 1908.

I'm at Dr. Mason's home. Have been here since yesterday. I feel like a lost sheep. Mrs. Mason is perfectly lovely to me, but I wish I were home, with that nurse and her queer bottles and pills. Jimmy is here, too, but I'm going back to-morrow and stay. I think Daddy needs me.

February 20, 1908.

Old Friend of Mine, it is all over! The end of the world has come, I know. We're all three staying with the Masons. *It* happened last Tuesday evening, four days ago, and everything seems to have stopped. I feel like I want to do *something*, but not what I do. I thought all I wanted to do was to get out in the country. But when Dr. Mason took me, I wished I were back in Charlotte Town.

Everybody has been, and is, just lovely to us, and I wish I could repay them, but I can't. I can't do anything. I'm just a mean, selfish, absolutely worthless human being, and I don't see why Our Father didn't take me instead of her. I could have been spared perfectly well, and I know it would have hurt lots less.

But things are as they are, and I don't know what will come with the morrow. You aren't *Mr. Diary* any longer, but my truest, best-loved friend and confidant. So good-bye for now, and pleasant dreams.

February 23, 1908. Back in the Old Home.

We've decided to keep on living here, though none of us care particularly about living at all. But Daddy goes to see his patients, Jimmy has started back to school, and I try to run the house, so there we are.

It is dead winter and I wish it were spring. I want to go out to Narcissus' Mirror and sit and dream. I'm dead tired, so good night.

April 5, 1908.

To-day I am aged seventeen years! Think of it! Seventeen!!! Why, my goodness, Old Friend, I'm nearly a grown lady!! It was lovely and warm out to-day, so I went to Narcissus' Mirror and stayed a long time. What do you think, Mr. Diary, I can see a little improvement in my face! It is still so little I can not realize my hope, but, truly, it is improving! I was so glad and excited I scarcely knew what to do! While I was half-kneeling on the bank, I noticed the grass was trampled a little—it made me rather angry to find that some one else seemed to visit my spot, *my own* spot, and, judging by the footsteps, that some one else belonged to the masculine gender with big feet. I resolved to discover who this intruder was, and to prevent his disturbing the one place I had to dream and think and build air castles. I shall get Mac, the setter, and Daddy's old shotgun upon his trail! Beware!

April 10, 1908.

Great excitement around the Mirror! The vile villain is discovered! 'Tis thus: About three P. M. to-day I had done all that seemed to me should

be done; Daddy was in the country visiting sick folks; and Jimmy was out playing with the boys in the neighborhood. Therefore, with as light a heart as I have these days, and a perfectly free conscience (I have a vile conscience, Old Friend, a genuine old New England kind, that my dearly beloved grandfather so kindly bequeathed to me—it made his life miserable, and now it is trying to do the same with me) I set out. You don't need to ask where—Narcissus' Mirror. As I was running along I caught the slight whiff of a pipe. "Aha!" thinks I, "Mr. Villain, I will soon have you on my hip!" I tipped up and saw a man half-reclining before the Mirror, apparently lost in thought. I recognized him as Hugh Walden! Why, what on earth——? He heard my footsteps, and came back from his reverie with a start. He blushed and jumped to his feet, muttering apologies. He asked me about the Mirror, and soon I forgot he was the new preacher, and queer, and all, and began telling him all about the Mirror. Before I realized it, I had told him nearly all I've written here. And it seems what I did not tell him Dr. Mason had. He was lovely, and asked my permission to come there to the spring. I told him "Yes," because I could see by his expression that he loved the quiet and peace of it all nearly as much as I did.

Afterwards I thought of his uncle, Thoreau, and then I saw it was but natural that he should have found and loved the Mirror.

May 24, 1908.

Hugh was here this morning. He stopped on his round of visits to his parishioners to borrow a book on Nature, that has always looked too big, and musty and dry and imposing for me to ever read. He certainly is nice. He asked me if I'd been to the Mirror lately. I was in the midst of sweeping when he came and was all done up in aprons, dust caps, dust rags, and streaks of dirt. A fetching sight to be sure! He is coming around Sunday afternoon. Heavens! How do you entertain young preachers on Sunday afternoons?

June 13, 1908.

My thoughts are turning toward college! Not much longer to wait, I hope. Dr. Mason says he thinks I will be able to get in all right, and the exams won't be hard after his splendid teaching.

Dad was out late this evening and looked haggard and worn when he came in. I wonder what's worrying him?

June 15, 1908.

O Mr. Diary, please don't be surprised if you can't read this for the blots and tears, for I'm liable to overflow any minute! I can't go to college in September! Dad told me this evening. Poor soul, he didn't want to. He said Mother's illness had taken all the fund except a tiny little bit. He'd tried to mortgage the house to get the money, but no one would take it. At first I thought I would just as soon die, but Dad said maybe, if we both worked hard, in two years we might have saved enough so I could go! I won't be too old then, and it will be about as nice as going now.

I'm so disappointed I don't know what to do, but I tried not to show it to Dad, as it hurt him so, anyway, to have to tell me.

June 18, 1908.

What do you think has happened to me? I've been bearing my disappointment as best I could, and I think I partly succeeded. Well, this very afternoon Hugh rode up, stopped, got out, and came into the house. He said he'd heard that my college career was to be postponed for several years, and, as he was just from Harvard, he wondered if I'd like him to try to teach me until I could go, and then I could enter, maybe, as a Junior!

Daddy said it would be O. K. and we're to begin in September!

This is almost as nice as going to college!

September 19, 1908.

I'm a full-fledged student of the Walden-Hamilton College, Limited. It is going to be heaps of fun and Hugh is a splendid teacher. I'm going to take fascinating subjects and we're both real enthusiastic about it all.

October 25, 1908.

The Walden-Hamilton College progresses swiftly. In these warm, fall days we adjourn to the Mirror, and, when the lessons are completed, we talk. Hugh is so brilliant, and fine and understanding. I was afraid he might ridicule my wish about the Mirror. But, no, indeed, he is trying to help me realize it. I looked into the Mirror to-day and, really, my face is improving!

April 5, 1909.

And so the days pass—little varied—but filled to the brim with household affairs and my studies. This is my eighteenth birthday. I feel so much older than I did a year ago, and am, I hope, a little wiser. Hugh gave me a wonderful book and we're going to discuss it together.

This morning I went with Daddy to see a poor, sick old woman. The little hut in which she lived equaled any pigpen. As it violated all my lately cultivated housekeeping sense of neatness, I pitched in and cleaned the place up. Think I'll go with Dad more and more. To help these people gives me a certain sense of usefulness, like I'm really counting a little in the world.

May 29, 1909.

Hugh says vacation begins June first, but I don't want any vacation. I love the studies, and he would make anything interesting. I declare, Jimmy is his shadow. He worships the very ground Hugh walks on, and Hugh is awfully sweet to him. I love to see the two together.

September 3, 1909.

You see, it's this way, Mr. Diary. I'm so busy all the time, yet nothing different happens that would be of interest to write down. So don't feel slighted.

One afternoon in July, as we were at the Mirror talking, Hugh asked me to promise him not to look into the Mirror again until he should say so. Of course I promised.

My second "college" year starts the twentieth, and next year I hope to be going away. We shall see what the year will bring forth.

December 16, 1909.

I wonder if you could guess my new occupation. I'm the holder of so many secrets that I stick out all over. All the dear little children of Charlotte Town have confided in me, and I've planned so many Christmas presents for mothers, fathers, brothers, and sisters that my head whirls. But I love to do it.

Hugh is planning a big Christmas tree at his church for the poor children, and he has asked me to superintend it. It is delightful work, and he is quite an inspiration.

April 5, 1910.

Again another year has passed, and I'm nineteen! Whew! I looked in the glass carefully this morning to see if there were any gray hairs coming!

I just love to keep the house, and Daddy and Jim are such lovely people to tend to. I was very busy all morning with the house and flying around to see a few old, sick ladies. Then I made them some floating island and sent it by Jimmy.

In the afternoon I went for a long drive with Hugh. Oh, the surrounding country rivals Paradise! It is delightful to drive through. Then Hugh always has such striking thoughts, or quotes some one else's thoughts, concerning everything we see.

Here lately the Walden-Hamilton College has not been progressing very rapidly. The instructor and the instructed are continually going off into tangents on subjects entirely foreign to the one at hand. Oh, well, who cares? We don't!

July 10, 1910.

The past week has been a perfect whirlwind. To begin with, dear old Daddy was paralyzed five days ago, all in one side. Of course, all thoughts of college fly to the winds, but that is entirely superfluous beside Daddy's pain and suffering. Hugh has been over daily, and, oh, Old Friend of Mine, this afternoon he told me to come down to the Mirror and look. But I would not, for I told him I would take his word for it all. He looked me straight in the face and said, "Julia, your wish has come true." Then, a few moments later, a whisper from him, "Now, may mine?"

Elizabeth Blue Locke, '19.

Y. W. C. A.

Officers 1917-18

JESSIE SIMS ..... *President*
GRACE ROUSE ..... *Vice-President*
LOUISE WARE ..... *Secretary*
VIRGINIA BLAND ..... *Treasurer*

Chairmen of the Committees

ELEANOR HEPLER ..... *Devotional*
VERNA JACKSON ..... *Missionary*
ELIZABETH HEADLEY ..... *Conference*
CLARICE BAKER ..... *Social*
HANNAH HOUGH ..... *Publicity*
HELEN AMES ..... *Decorative*
HORTENSE DUNCAN ..... *Music*
VIRGINIA BLAND ..... *Finance*
GRACE ROUSE ..... *Membership*

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Y. W. C. A.

THE purpose of our Association shall be to unite the girls of the college in loyalty to Jesus Christ; to lead them to accept Him as their personal Saviour; to build them up in the knowledge of Christ, especially through Bible Study and Christian service. It shall thus associate them with the students of the world for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It shall further seek to enlist their devotion to the Christian church and to the religious work of the college.

Of course there are many things which we girls, as a Y. W. C. A., stand for, but the principal ones may be divided into three classes—the spiritual phase of our college life, the social phase, and the mental phase. Prayer-meetings, with interesting programs, are held in chapel on Wednesday afternoon throughout the session, and many students receive help and inspiration from them—

"Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

After taking everything into consideration, the Y. W. C. A. has decided to start a "Blue Ridge Cottage" Fund with hopes that some day it will result in a cottage for our Association at Blue Ridge Conference Grounds. Each year the number of our representatives increases, and we find we are now able to send the Cabinet, paying their entire expenses. We started this year, hoping that our dreams of a cottage would be realized.

At the beginning of the session we gave the new girls a reception in the auditorium. The program, "A Day at Blackstone," was presented by the old members of the Association.

The Social and Devotional Committees had charge of Thanksgiving Day, which will long be remembered on account of the entertainments furnished. Socials have been given from time to time to the members, and in this way

each girl is made to feel that she has friends in the school. In addition, lectures have been given throughout the year by secretaries and missionaries.

We have undertaken to keep in touch with the present needs for service, and we are confident that the coming years will bring forth opportunity to the Association to carry on not only its usual work, but to meet the unusual needs among women and girls as they arise.

"Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties,
Active be, then, while you may."

Cannon Ball

Members of the Red Cross

Mary Willis
Sarah Jones
Pauline Hunter
Dorothy Sparklin
Eleanor Hepler
Lucile Pond
Blanche O'Kennon
Esther James
Agnes Bevan
Lota Leigh Draughon
Grace Rouse
June Fishpaw
Pansy Smith
Margaret Trader
Alice Bailey
Wingfield Hardy
Mary Lee Bennett
Charlotte Stoakley
Emily Watkins
Mrs. Ida Smith

Mary Virginia Bussells
Margaret Alston
Gladys Smith
Eunice Cross
Agnes Ozlin
Lois Swadner
Louise Ware
Fay Coffman
Gladys Humston
Helen Sharpe
Lucy Pearson
Ruth Smith
Nannie Sue Crute
Margaret Elder
Jennie Southerland
Dimple Blevins
Margaret Faw
Helen Betty Rosser
Lura Lee Cannon
Mrs. S. L. Hite

Elizabeth Locke

A delightful revel is holden at the court, where brave knights and fair ladies abound

Society

September 20—College opened.

September 22—"Stunt" Night.

September 27—"Birth of a Nation" given in the College Auditorium.

September 29—"A Day at Blackstone" given by the Y. W. C. A.

October 6—Inspection of coat suits. College hats arrive!

October 31—On the night of October 31 all was mystery, for we knew many weird and ghostly things awaited us on every corner. Rumors had been reaching us for many days, but we met our first excitement when we went to supper. All lights were out except those burning in the pumpkin Jack-o'-lanterns. Everything was spooky looking. Of course, there were the usual number of ghosts and fancy-dress costumes. After supper, while we were still in the dining-room, the four classes—Senior College, Junior College, Senior Academic, Junior Academic—each gave a charade. All these were original, and the Junior Academic won the prize for being the most original. The prize was—a bag of peanuts. After supper we went out on the campus, received apples, gingerbread, and enjoyed ourselves generally around a big bonfire. Then room bell rang, and we came in, sorry to leave and wishing that Hallowe'en would come again before next October.

November 9—Mr. Mershon and "Bill" arrived—Mr. Mershon to give a series of lectures, and his "son Bill" to act as stenographer.

November 10—Recital by Faculty of Music and Expression.

November 12—Senior-Junior College reception.

November 17—Y. W. C. A. social.

November 18—Address of Governor Stuart in behalf of the Army Y. M. C. A.

Cannon Ball

November 28—Recital given by Sergeant Browning and Corporal McCoy, of Camp Lee.

November 29—Oh, joyous Thanksgiving Day! We can not praise you enough. In your early morning hours, when we heard dimly, through our sleep, the rush of footsteps and the far-away voices of girls, and turned over with the sleepy thought, "There go the two Junior teams to decorate; I bet they freeze," how pleasant it was to feel that we had no lessons to prod us from bed, nothing to do until the first breakfast gong should call us to the ever-welcome task of eating.

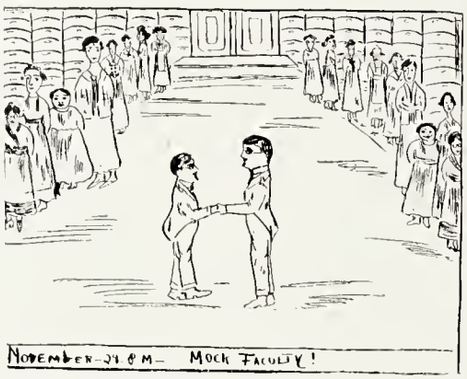
We were glad when we came down to breakfast, all fresh and wide-awake, that the now poor, weary, and bedraggled Juniors had decorated, for the halls, porches, and even the gates and towers were a mass of purple, gold and green. After breakfast the goals were decorated, and then came the one mar to our perfection—rain. But sturdy hearts are not appalled by rain, and Juniors stop for nothing. The game was played, and the rooters were many. The Junior Acs carried the day, though the fight was hard, and we were ready to go in to the glorious repast awaiting us. Chicken—oh, my! Pickle—joy! Pie. Oh, everything! The team gave toasts covering every connection of the school, from Dr. Cannon to "the cooks and the teachers, a jolly old crew."

After dinner, which we had at four o'clock, we at last had a little time for our much-needed rest and a hasty straightening up of our rooms, in which chaos had reigned through the day.

At seven-thirty we were dressed and ready for the entertainment, which included a play by the Training School and a mock faculty, to which we all looked forward with malicious thrills. The teachers were introduced to their counterparts, who carried off the chief characteristics of each one to perfection.

Tired to the dropping point with all the day's rush, we crawled into bed, leaving the even wearier basket-ball teams still entertaining each other in an

Cannon Ball



attempt to drain the last bit of your time. Oh, most glorious day at B. C. G.—Thanksgiving Day!

December 8—Recital by Mrs. Lawson.

December 13—College exams began.

December 18—Christmas recital by students of Music and Expression.

December 21—Left for Christmas holidays.

January 3—Back at college. Pipes bursted; no heat; icicles on all doors.

January 19—"Stunt" Night.

January 26—Recital by Misses Hoffman and Bale, and, after that, a reception at the president's home.

February 2—Voted on statistics.

February 16—Senior Academic basket-ball team entertained Senior College team and the Academy football squad.

March 2—Recital by Misses Rosser and Anderson.

March 15—College exams.

March 16—"Rebecca's Triumph" given by pupils of Miss Bale.

March 22—Annual concert.

April 1—Senior College picnic to Nottoway in honor of Senior Academics.

April 6—Miss Cannon entertained the College Seniors, and the Junior Academic basket-ball team entertained the Junior College team and the Academy football squad.

April 20—Junior-Senior Academic reception.

Cannon Ball

May 4—Field Day. Tennis Tournament. Play by Virgil Class, "Dido, the Phœnician Queen."

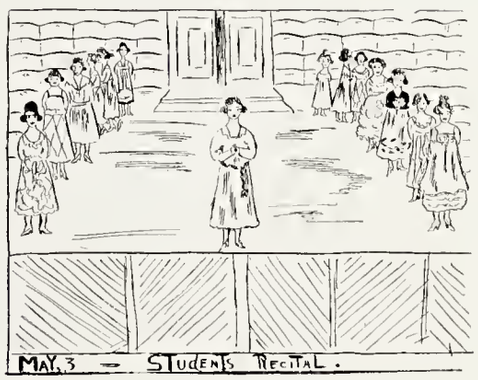
May 6—Students' recital.

May 11—Junior-Senior College reception.

May 18—Y. W. C. A. social.

May 22—College exams.

June 1, 2, 3—Commencement exercises.



Statistics —

MOST POPULAR — JESSIE SIMS
"FIRST IN FUN, FIRST IN ARGUMENT
AND FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF
HER FELLOW SCHOOLMATES"

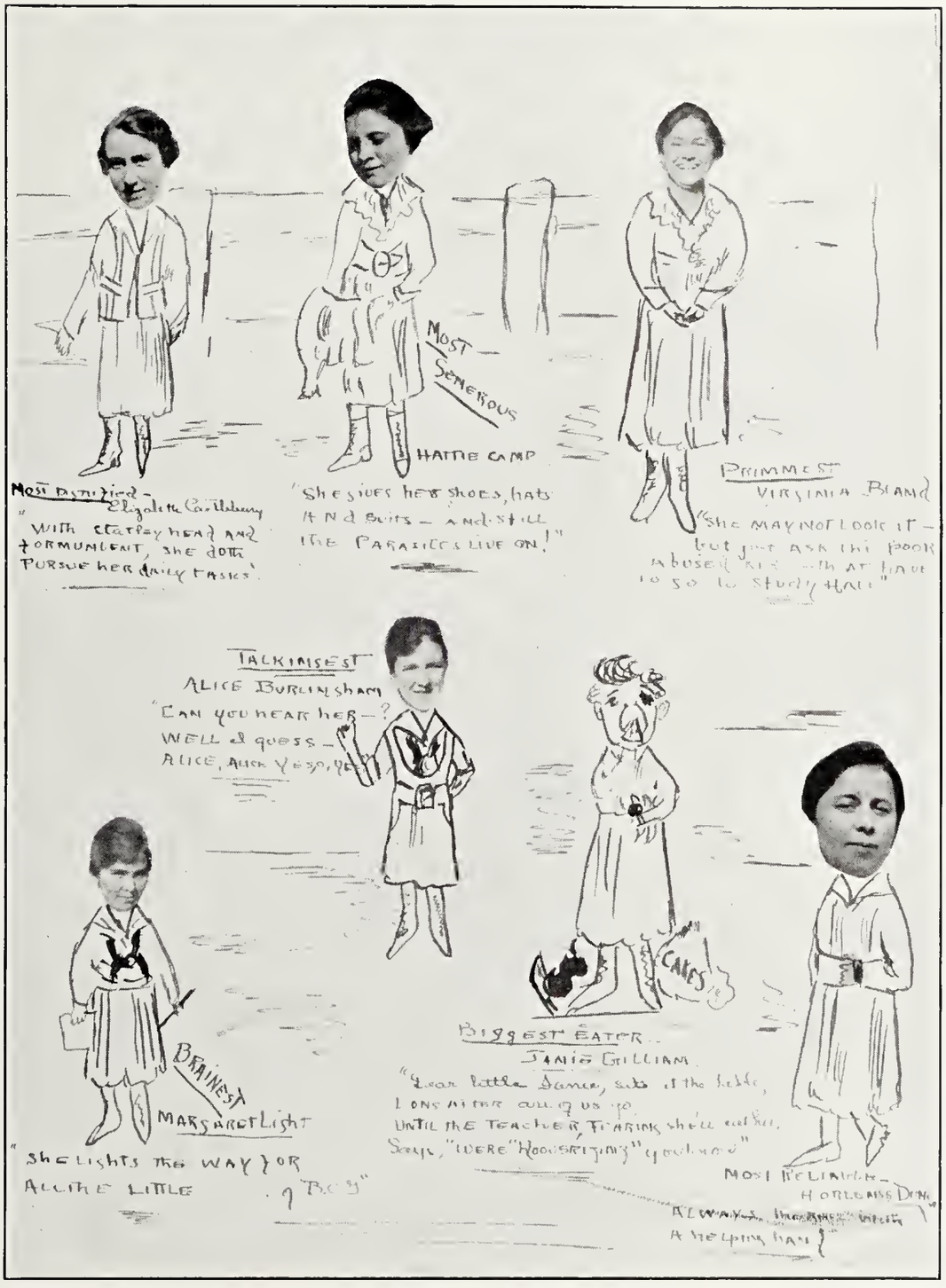
SWEETEST
VERNA JACKSON.
"THE SAME SWEET VERNA
ALWAYS, IN SPITE OF THE
SUSAN FAMINE AT B.C.G."

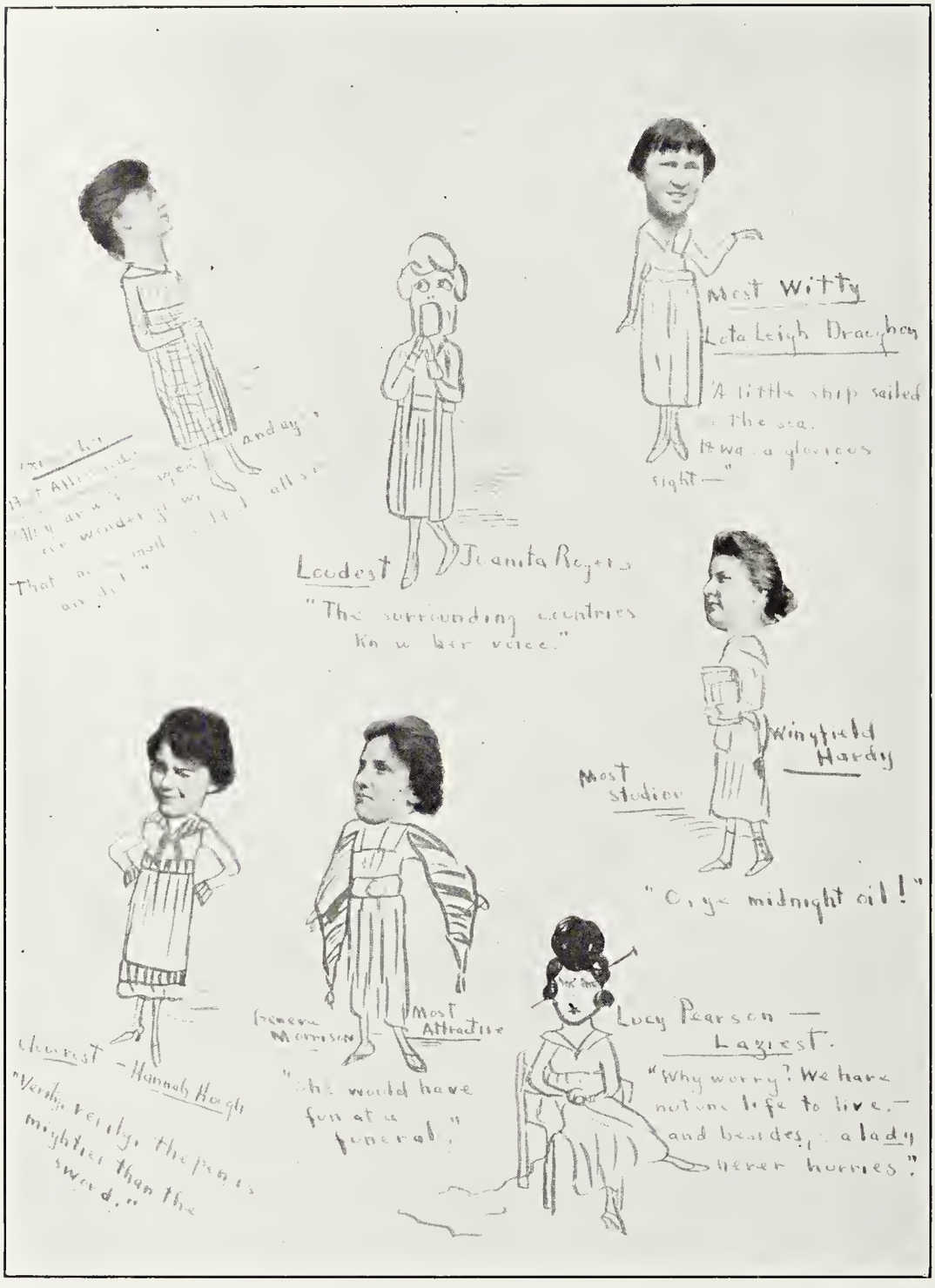
MOST ORIGINAL —
ELIZABETH Locke.
"THE BRAIN OF SAMUEL JOHNSON
THE GENIUS OF MOZART AND
THE TEMPER OF XANTIPPE —
WITH ALL SHE IS SOMETIMES
HERSELF"

MOST ATHLETIC — EUNICE CROSS
"AT BASKETBALL, SHE'S A SHARK
AT VOLLEY BALL, SHE IS A WHALE, AND
AT TENNIS, SHE'S A SUBMARINE!"

MOST GRACEFUL —
DOROTHY FRANKLIN
"ATLANTA DOESN'T HOLD A
CANDLE TO HER"

MOST CONSPICUOUS —
CLARA BARNES!
WHAT IN THE — ? O! ITS
CLARA!


Most Dignified -
Elizabeth Castleberry
" With stately head and
dignified, she does
pursue her daily tasks."
Most Generous
Hattie Camp
"She gives her shoes, hats
and suits - and still
the parasites live on!"
Primmest
Virginia Bland
"She may not look it -
but just ask the poor
abused keys - that have
to go to study hall"
Talkiest
Alice Burlingham
"Can you hear her -?
Well I guess -
Alice, Alice Yes, yes
Biggest Eater -
Janie Gilliam
"Dear little Dance, sits at the table,
Longs after eating is up
Until the teacher, fearing she'll eat all,
Says, "Were "Hoovering" you now?"
Cakes
Most Reliable -
Orleans Ding
Always [illegible]
A helping hand"
Brainest
Margaret Light
"She lights the way for
all the little boys"


Most Witty
Leta Leigh Draughon
"A little ship sailed
the sea.
It was a glorious
sight—"
Loudest Juanita Rogers
"The surrounding countries
know her voice."
Most studious
Wingfield Hardy
"Burn the midnight oil!"
Most Attractive
Geneva Morrison
"She would have
fun at a
funeral."
Lucy Pearson —
Laziest.
"Why worry? We have
but one life to live.—
and besides, a lady
never hurries."
Hannah Haigh
"Verily, verily, the pen is
mightier than the
sword."

How well the minstrel knoweth that music hath power to charm away all ills

All-American Recital

November 10, 1917

Programme

1. Piano—Sonata Tragica, Op. 45 ..... *Edward A. MacDowell*
   - I. Largo maestoso
     Allegro risolute
   - II. Molto allegro, vivace

   Emma E. Hoffman
2. Reading—Extra Paper ..... *Zona Gale*

   Ruth G. Bale
3. Piano—Barcarolle ..... *Ethelbert Nevin*

   Emily Williard Garvey
4. Vocal—The Moon Drops Low ..... *Charles Wakefield Cadman*

   Helen Betty Rosser
5. Piano—
   - (*a*) Witches' Dance, Op. 17 ..... *MacDowell*
   - (*b*) Shadow Dance, Op. 39, No. 8 ..... *MacDowell*
   - (*c*) Praeludium, Op. 10 ..... *MacDowell*

   Emma E. Hoffman
6. Reading—
   - (*a*) The Birth of an Opal ..... *Eleanor Wilcox*
   - (*b*) Little Brown Baby ..... *Paul Lawrence Dunbar*
   - (*c*) Good-bye, God Bless You ..... *Eugene Field*

   Ruth G. Bale
7. Piano—Arabesque, Op. 39, No. 4 ..... *MacDowell*

   Grace Ritchie
8. Vocal—
   - (*a*) Love Has Wings ..... *James H. Rogers*
   - (*b*) Retreat ..... *Frank LaForge*
   - (*c*) Sweet Miss Mary ..... *W. H. Neidlinger*

   Helen Betty Rosser
9. Piano—
   - (*a*) Wild Chase, Op. 46, No. 3 ..... *MacDowell*
   - (*b*) Polonaise, Op. 46, No. 12 ..... *MacDowell*

   Emma E. Hoffman

Special Voice Class

Miss H. B. Rosser.....*Instructor*
Miss Kate Anderson.....*Assistant*

Roll

Lucy B. Adams
Ruth Brown
Fay Coffman
Ray Coffman
Susan Cole
Nannie Sue Crute
Louise Dameron
Hortense Duncan
Margaret Elder
Celeste Feddeman
Edna Ferguson
Lucile Futrell
Isabelle Goslin
Wingfield Hardy
Nancy Harrison
Irene Hesson
Eleanor Hepler
Marie Hines
Irene Horner
Winnie Hoskins
Gladys Humston
Pauline Vance Hunter
Ruth Johnson
Bernice Knight
Elizabeth Locke
Geneva Morrison
Lucile Overstreet
Muriel Paget
Lucile Pond
Mary Pritchard
Mattie Pritchard
Mayre Robinson
Clarisse Rose
Carrie Rowland
Annie Sale
Esther Stimpson
Jessie Sims
Margaret Trader
Rose Whitehead
Clarissa Veisbehn

RECITAL

BY

STUDENTS IN MUSIC AND EXPRESSION

Blackstone College for Girls

AUDITORIUM, DECEMBER 3, 1917, AT FIVE O'CLOCK

Programme

1. PIANO—Polonaise ..... *Merkel*
   MARTIE KIRWAN
2. READING—Laetus Sorte Mea .....
   RAY COFFMAN
3. PIANO—By the Brookside ..... *Schnieder*
   ETHEL PITTMAN
4. VOCAL—The Banjo Song ..... *Sidney Homer*
   GENEVA MORRISON
5. PIANO—April Showers ..... *Fink*
   JUNE FISHPAW
6. READING—By Courier ..... *O. Henry*
   BLANCHE O'KENNON
7. PIANO—Argonaise from "Le Cid" ..... *Massenet*
   LOUISE HARRY
8. VOCAL—The Star ..... *J. H. Rogers*
   JESSIE JOHNSON
9. PIANO—Elegy ..... *Nollet*
   LELA DEY
10. READING—October and June ..... *O. Henry*
    NINA BRADSHAW
11. PIANO—Waltz in G Flat ..... *Chopin*
    VIRGINIA BLAND
12. PIANO—Spanish Dance ..... *Moszkowski*
    ETHEL SEGALOFF
13. READING—A Matrimonial Experiment (cutting from "Leopard Spots") ..... *Thomas Dixon*
    ORA SMITHSON
14. PIANO—The Two Larks ..... *Leschetizky*
    SUSIE WYNNE

Dramatic Club at Work. Scene from "Rebecca's Triumph"

Dramatic Club

Motto: *"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action with this careful observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature."*

—Shakespeare.

Ruth G. Bale, *Instructor*

Dramatis Personæ

"Mrs. Rokeman"	Mildred Shelton
"Mrs. Delaine"	Ora Smithson
"Rebecca"	Marjorie Vaughan
"Clarissa Codman"	Lota Leigh Draughon
"Dora Gaines"	Grace Singleton
"Sadie Morrell"	Hattie Johnson
"Jennie Woodman"	Esther James
"Maria Gray"	Gladys Marks
"Emma Stevens"	Nina Bradshaw
"Alice Leeds"	Blanche O'Kennon
"Grace Greenwood"	Ruth Ould
"Gussie Green"	Mary Doumar
"Katie Cameron," an Irish girl	Esther Gayle
"Gyp," a colored girl	Juanita Rogers
"Meg," a wanderer	Ray Coffman

Years Ago

Wasn't it pleasant on a rainy day
To lie in the stable on the new-mown hay,
And list to the raindrops pit-a-pat,
As you lay there, thinking, flat on your back?

Weren't you glad the hay was in
Before the autumn rain began?
And didn't you feel happy, lazy, and good,
'Cause you had in all the winter's wood?

Wasn't it pleasant to return from town,
And on the fragrant hay drop down
To rest and cool till time for the chores,
And watch the shadows on the stable doors?

Years have passed since you last lay there,
All have gone from the home and left it bare,
Except your father and mother, dear,
Who stay at home from year to year.

When your mind is tired and your thoughts disturbed,
And your eyes so weak that things look blurred,
And you want to rest but don't know how,
Don't you long again for the old haymow?

If you want to forget business and be at peace,
And let your worry and trouble cease,
I haven't a place in mind just now
Except in the stable in the old haymow.

Lyla Henderson.

Art Class

A Conquered Spirit

ABOUT fifty years ago, in the wildest wooded mountain section of West Virginia, a panther still lived and held out against the advance of civilization. His huge, tawny form was seldom seen by any but the boldest hunters. He would lead a hunting party a long and weary chase through the forest for miles and miles, and, just when the hunters felt most sure of their prey, he would disappear behind a precipice or plunge into a deep thicket where they could not follow. He, indeed, represented the survival of the fittest.

The only way his presence was known was by his loud, defying screams, which, when they broke the silence of a dark night, caused even the stoutest hearts to quake with fear. He ventured into the village in the valley a few times, and robbed a pigpen of a choice, fat pig.

There was an ancient Indian legend which the old settlers had learned from the Red Men concerning a terrible, revengeful spirit. This spirit lived in the wildest, most inaccessible parts of the mountains and was the protector of all wild beasts. He assumed the form of a panther to avenge the killing of the forest creatures out of season and the slaughtering of them in undue numbers. Strange as it may seem, the spirit's favorite time for making his power known was during the full moon. The awe-inspiring part of the story was that, no matter how often he was wounded, the panther could never be killed. It was known that he always attacked only the most courageous, while he left the cowards unmolested.

This legend had been handed down from one generation to another and was wonderfully convincing to those of superstitious mind. A great many witches, tokens, and spirits were prevalent in that region, and were believed in with implicit faith. Whenever the children were sent into the woods after stray cows, the imagined danger of the panther was greater than the real danger of the copperheads and rattlesnakes. Thoughts of the panther made their brown barefeet far more swift than any punishment their parents might inflict upon them.

Cannon Ball

Henry Crider, a hunter, trapper, and farmer of that section, scoffed at their belief in the spirit which was supposed to inhabit the neighborhood, and tried to convince them that they were wrong. He was a strong, resolute man of splendid physique and had handsome, intellectual features. The aim of his steel blue eye was always sure and his steady hand never swerved from the mark. In all their sport and hunting he was the leader, and in other matters his judgment was usually accepted as the best. His generosity, his kindly feeling for his fellow-men, and his general interest in their practical lives made him loved and respected by all.

One hot summer night Henry was returning on horseback to his mountain farm after a trip to the village for supplies. The road ran through a dense wood. His horse gradually became excited and restless from no apparent cause. Suddenly at a turn in the road the leaves rustled in the crisp, autumn air, a twig snapped, and, in the dark above him, two immense eyes appeared, blazing like balls of fire. The panther sprang toward him as his horse lunged forward. The flank of the quivering horse was torn by the cruel claws. Henry whipped out his pistol and fired without effect. Then the panther with a fierce snarl of rage sprang toward him from the other side. The horse, frightened and tortured with pain, ran wildly up the road with his master. Between the clattering beats of the horse's hoofs the pat, pat, pat of the panther's tail upon the ground could be heard. He followed for a while, unwilling to give up his prey, and then slunk off into the heart of the woods.

Henry thought little of the incident except that the panther would furnish opportunity for a good hunt soon. When, as a matter of course, he casually mentioned it to the village storekeeper, he was surprised to see how the man coupled it with the legend of the spirit.

Still he thought nothing of it until, when returning home with two friends a month later, the experience was repeated. At the same time all three were laughing loudly at a joke which some anonymous person had played on him. In his hunting bag the day before he had found a piece of old yellow paper on which was neatly drawn with red ink a panther's foot and a ghost with eyes flashing as if with fire. Their horses seemed strangely excited and they wondered why, until, on the ledge beside them, two eyes appeared aglow with a fierce yellow-green light. Before a shot could be fired the great, dark

beast had hurled himself at Henry, who with a sudden twitching of his body saved his arm, but lost his coat sleeve. The two men shot many times before the panther with intelligence almost human dashed off into the thick, black woods on their left. They tried to follow but could not force their way through with their horses, nor could they leave the trembling, frightened creatures by themselves.

"He prettin' neer got you that time," one said in a thick voice.

"He's gettin' mighty smart. A little more an' he'd bagged you," the other one offered in way of consolation.

Henry for the first time in his life knew what fear was. When others talked of his adventures and of the spirit all in the same tone, he began to wonder if this spirit were not intent upon his life. It looked very strange to have the same thing happen at the same time of month, and at the same place twice. But with a feeling of shame in his heart for his foolish thoughts he tried to laugh it off. He himself would probably have succeeded had not every one he saw or met looked at him as if he were a curio to be wondered at. All he could hear was "the panther! the spirit!"—until he was sick and tired of it. He began to think of it continually. Whenever he was out at night he seemed to hear the patting sound of the panther's tail on the ground, and he felt that something was going to happen to him. So he went on, keeping his real thoughts to himself, but laughing and joking about the affair as if it were nothing. The fear, however, grew upon him day by day until he felt he must either go crazy or never hear of a panther again.

One warm October night, when the moon was shining brightly through the trees, he decided to end the matter. He took his rifle, and, with determination in his heart to find his old fearless self again, he mounted his horse and rode to the ledge where the panther had attacked him.

While he was dismounting, his horse suddenly reared and threw him. At the same time his rifle discharged. When he sprang to his feet and found his gun, he heard a savage snarl of rage from the wounded panther. His huge, tawny body rippled in the moonlight. With eyes of green flame he gazed fixedly at the half-stunned man and then leaped toward him. The horse came into active play, and, with a quick, swerving dash, unconsciously saved his master, but paid with his own life. One blow from the sharp claws of the panther felled and killed the gentler, nobler animal. Henry by this

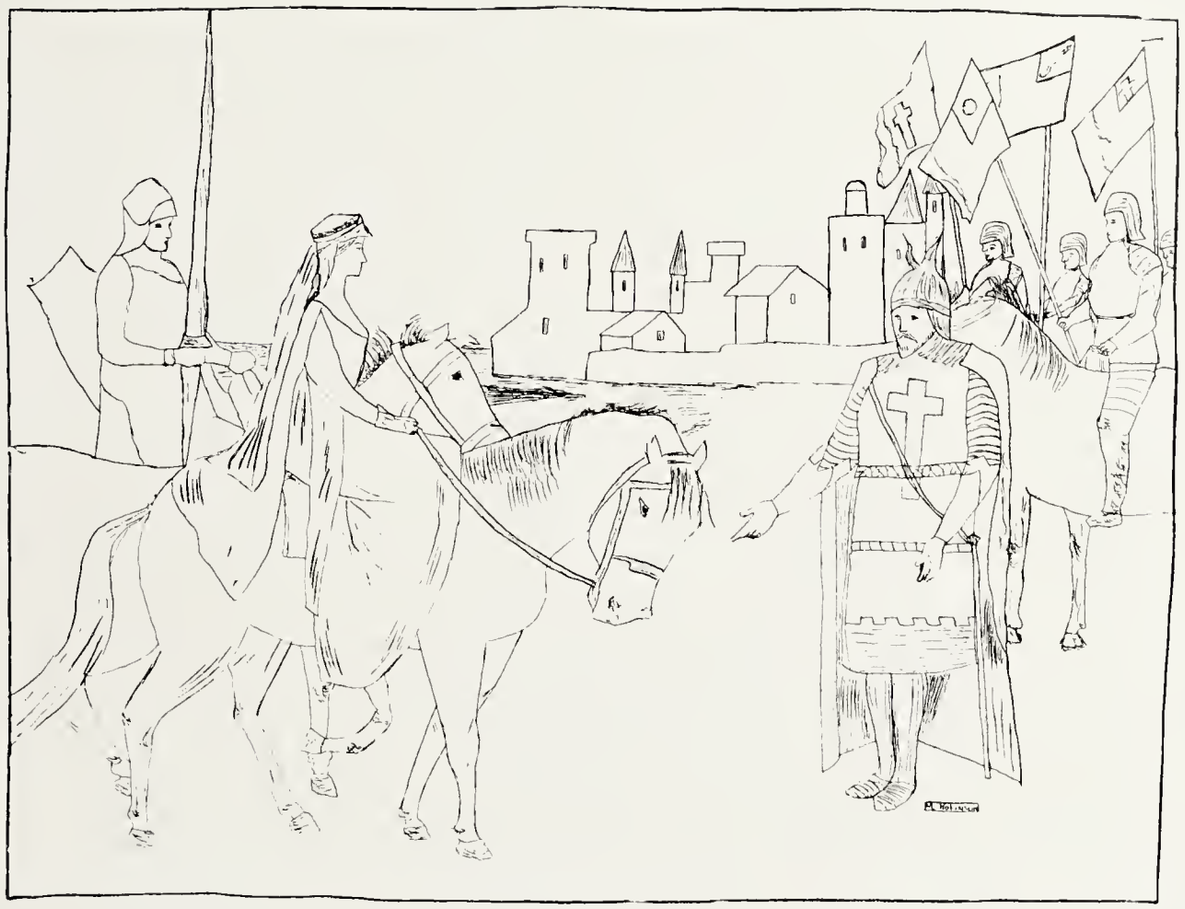
time was alert, and with a clean, well-aimed shot again wounded the mad beast who tore off into the wood. At the same instant Henry's old spirit of boldness and daring returned. Intent upon the chase he dashed after the panther into the wood which was now weirdly beautiful. The moonlight shining through the trees made long, dark shadows fringed with dainty laces.

On and on through the strange, silent wood he went in pursuit of the panther. Twigs tore and scratched his face; he was bruised from forcing his way past the closely grown trees, but he was unconscious of it. How he kept on the panther's trail and followed him up and down the wooded hills in ever-turning ways he never knew. They came out upon a small, rocky space over which, in the moonlight, he saw the panther run and quickly disappear. For a second he hesitated to follow. Was the panther the spirit of the legend that disappeared when almost hunted down? In a moment he had reached the precipice, scrambled down, and found himself in a wild, rugged amphitheater. Beside the cliff a thick clump of bushes grew. In the bright moonlight he could see dark, wet spots where the blood from the panther's wounds had made a trail. With his heart thumping he followed it. Behind the bushes an opening in the cliff led him out into a great, unknown woods more dense than the one he had left. Before him was a hill that dipped straight down like a palisade to a little ravine below. Rocks jutted out of the hill forming crude steps by which he descended to the bottom. He followed the trail of blood.

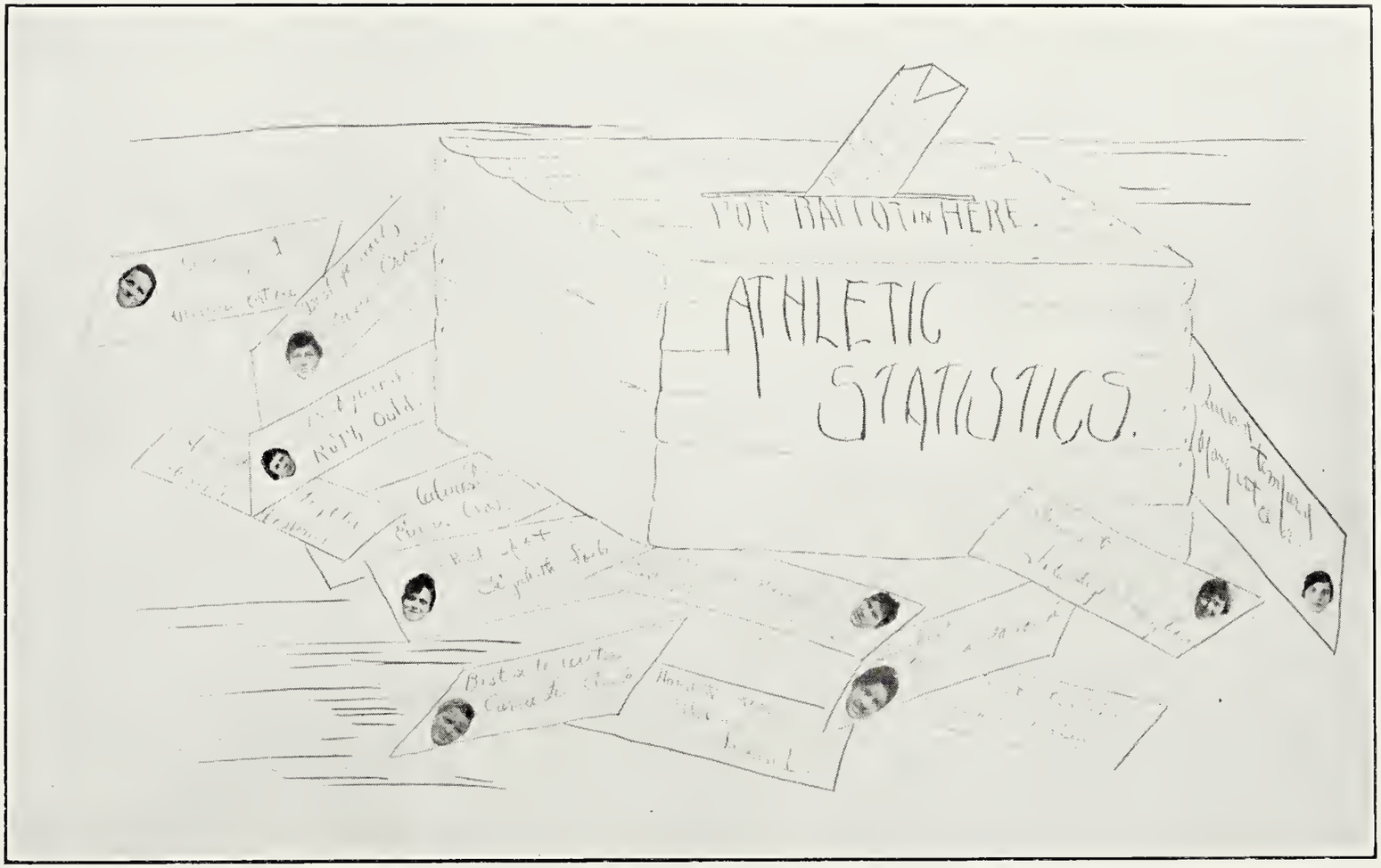
Although his mind was on the hunt he could not help sensing the wild, picturesque beauty of the place. The hills rose from the ravine steep and sheer like forest-covered palisades with here and there a bare spot of cliffs. It seemed new and weird, as if no man had ever ventured there before. A little brook ran through the ravine, foaming and dashing over a fall, and sparkling in the light. It made a lulling, bubbling sound as it poured over the stones. An artist would have found the place Paradise. Henry followed the brook through the long, narrow ravine until, almost at its end, he came to a great ledge of rocks, projecting out and forming a cave. Here the panther lived with his mate, and, after his raids upon the mountaineers, here he returned by many windings to his secure retreat. Henry cautiously came up to the mouth of the cave and peered in. He knew by intuition that the panther, his mate, and his cubs were in there. It was a dangerous proceeding for one man to attack a cave full of wild beasts in the night and for a second Henry

faltered. Was the panther the dark, invincible spirit? Three times the animal —or spirit—had attacked him at the same place. Always, he remembered, there had been a full moon about that time. More than that, he had to admit that shots fired by expert hunters had had no effect. Instantly by some happy chance a wave of courage and fearlessness swept over him. Quickly he built a little fire as far in the cave as he dared. He carefully fed the flame with bits of bark and wood. After gathering up brush he covered the fire to smoke them out. With his rifle resting on a small ledge of rock he stood alert, ready for immediate action. Soon many sniffs and snarls told him that his fire was having the desired effect. At once the panther rushed out of the cave, followed by his mate and a litter of half-grown cubs. Henry took aim and fired at the advancing male. With another shot he killed the mate. The young ones were too timid to attack. He fired again and again, but with every shot the power of the panther seemed to increase. He sprang toward Henry many times but somehow missed him. Henry scrambled up to a higher position and there he fired again. The panther fell dead. The cubs yelped and whined in a pitiful manner and cuddled down in a heap. Henry, with a gladness and lightness of heart he had not known for many months, sat down to rest his weary body. After taking a refreshing drink from the little brook he guided himself out of the ravine and found his way home over the hills. He walked like a conqueror. By killing the panther he had conquered himself, broken down the belief in the spirit, and had left fear behind him forever.

Edith Field.



To the field of the tournament they go, and each knight trieth his strength valiantly



Athletic Statistics

Athletics

DURING the warm October and November afternoons the basket-ball courts are brimming over with girls. Almost every one enters into the trying-out. Then the teams are chosen and the prelims begin. Wild excitement, enthusiasm, and interest attend these games. Soon they are over and the lucky teams who are to have the honor of playing on Thanksgiving Day are congratulated by everybody, though some hearts are not quite so gay as others. This year the Junior Academic and the Junior College teams were the victors. These teams worked hard from this time until the final game which was to decide the championship. The game this year on Thanksgiving Day was one of the most exciting in the history of Blackstone College. After a tense half hour we placed the laurels of victory and championship on the heads of the Junior Academic team.

When Springtime comes with her fairy wand and chases away the snow, all faces are turned with joy toward the volley-ball and tennis courts. We are awakened at most unearthly hours of the morning by the enthusiastic players, who determine to have their sport before the sunshine grows too hot. For already we are beginning to look forward to the Tennis Tournament in the spring and to practice for it, though we will doubtless continue to practice until the rackets are packed away for their trip home.

Schedule of Basket-Ball Games

Junior	Academic	30
Senior	Academic	7
Junior	Academic	29
Junior	College	22
Senior	College	27
Junior	College	43
Senior	Academic	9
Junior	College	18
Senior	College	20
Senior	Academic	22
Senior	College	19
Junior	Academic	23

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

Junior	College	13
Junior	Academic	24

Yells

Hippety, hippety huss,
We're not allowed to cuss,
But nevertheless,
We must confess,
There's nothing the matter with us.

Rickety, rickety russ,
You played mighty good,
But you couldn't beat us.

Rip! Rap! Thaggerack!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Y-e-double-l!
Yell! Yell! Yell!

Bang-a-tang!
Zing-a-zang!
Shake 'em up well!
College Juniors,
Yell! Yell! Yell!

Rata kacks, da kacks, da kacks!
Tena ta licks, ta licks, ta licks!
Kicka ba ba, kicka bata,
Junior College! Rah! Rah! Rah!

College, College sat on a wall,
College, College had a great fall,
All the coaches and referees then
Couldn't put College together again.

With Juniors on the field
We fear no harm.
With Juniors on the field
We fear no harm.
Give us a show,
And we will win,
With Juniors on the field
We fear no harm.

Nobody knows how glad I am
That I am not a College man;
I'd pawn my hat, I'd pawn my shoes,
For one more chance to see them lose.

Cannon Ball

ELIZABETH LOCKE
Captain

ELIZABETH HEADLEY
Business Manager

Miss Lee
Coach

Miss Burton
Coach

Junior Academic Basket-Ball Team

Forwards
4 Elizabeth Locke
Eunice Cross

Substitute
Jessie Turner

Centers
Ruth Naudain
2 Jean Ackiss

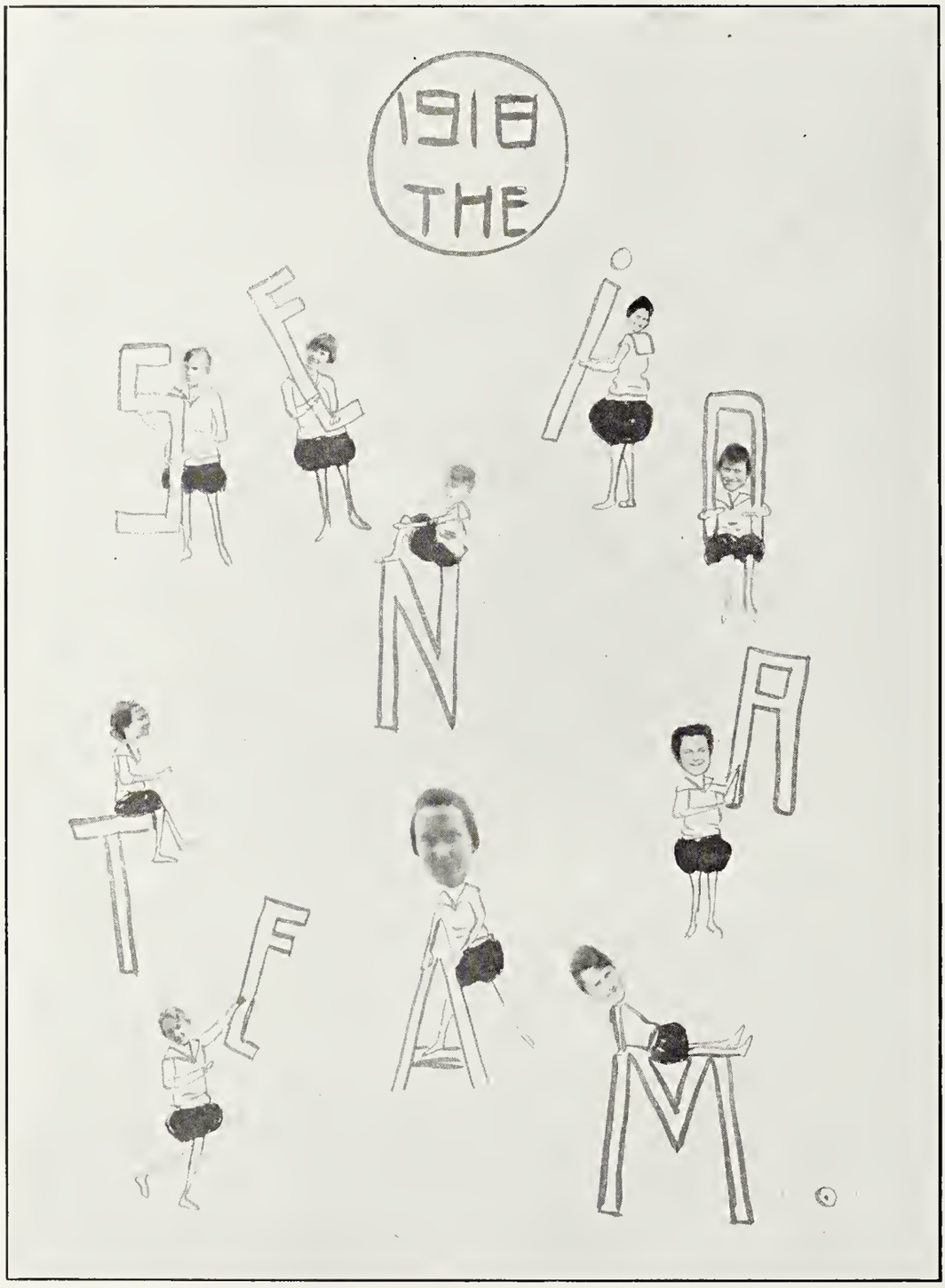
Substitute
Juanita Rogers

Guards
Florence Harris
1 Ruth Ould

Substitute
Eva Felton

Jumping Center
3 Miriam Orton

Cannon Ball



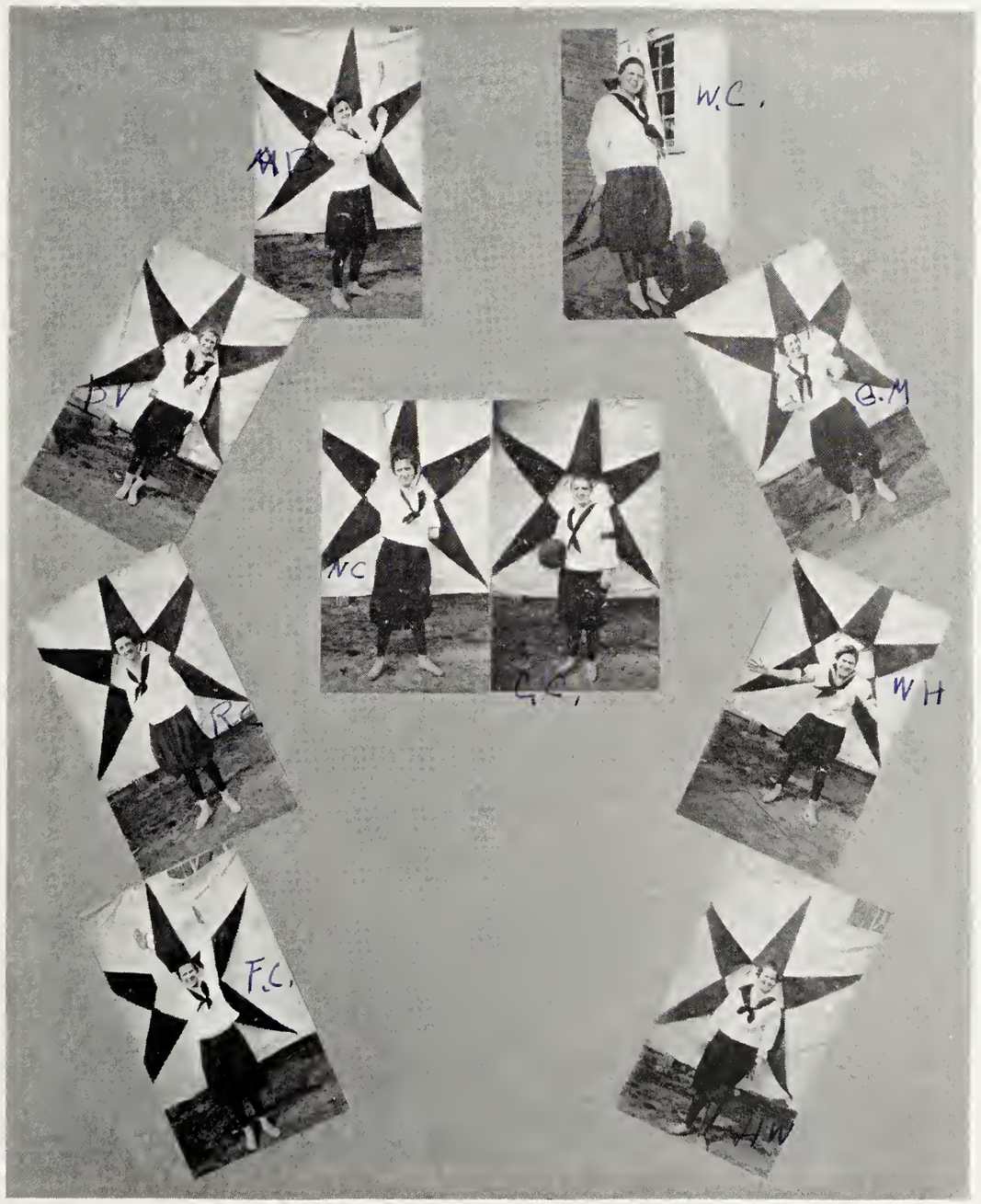
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON, *Captain* HANNAH HOUGH, *Business Manager*

Forwards
MAE MANSON
MARTHA PAGE
Sub Forward
THELMA HENDERSON

Jumping Center
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON
Side Centers
DOROTHY FRANKLIN
HANNAH HOUGH
Sub Side Center
ELEANOR HEPLER

Guards
AGNES FEREBEE
MARY BURNETT
Sub Guard
ISABEL GOSLIN

Cannon Ball



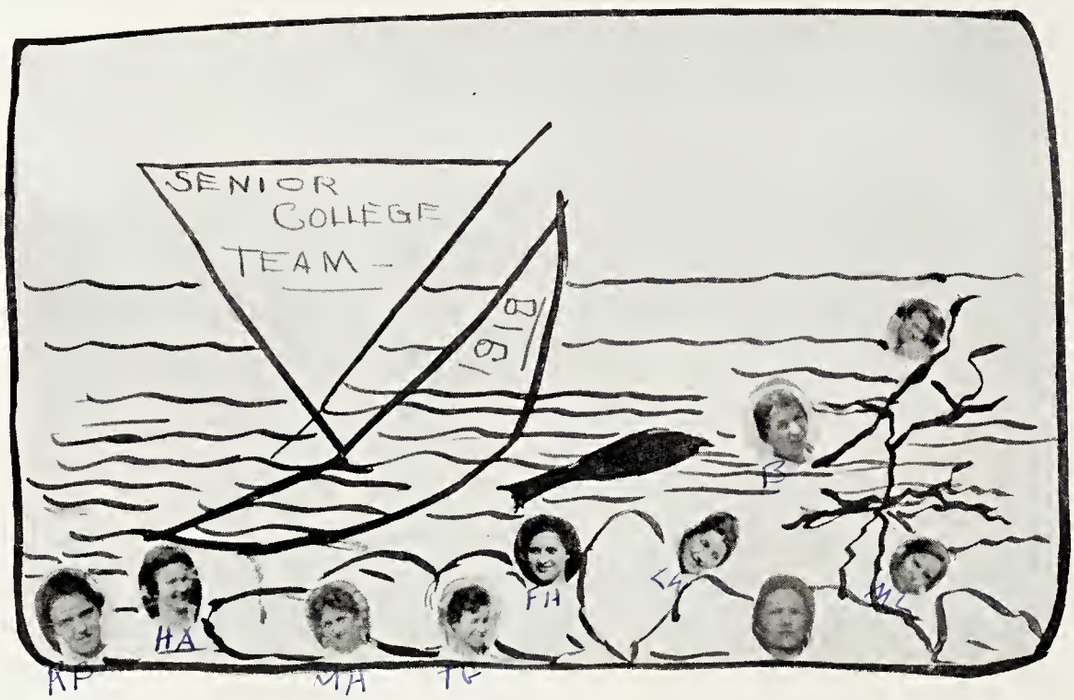
Junior College Basket-Ball Team

C. L. CLARK.....*Captain*
N. S. CRUTE.....*Business Manager*

A. BURGESS, *Goal*
B. VAUGHN, *Side Center*
R. COFFMAN, *Substitute Center*
F. COFFMAN, *Substitute Guard*
N. S. CRUTE, *Center*

C. L. CLARK, *Side Center*
W. CLARK, *Goal*
G. MORRISON, *Substitute Goal*
W. HOSKINS, *Guard*
H. WINFIELD, *Guard*

Cannon Ball



Senior College Basket-Ball Team

The Senior Team sailed on the sea,
And all was calm and bright;
They sailed at first right merrily,
And then—went out of sight.
The team still plays among the rocks,
But the pilots rose to the sun;
And now the course of other ships
To pilot they've begun.

Captain	*First Mate*	*Passengers*	*Pilots*
Garland (Forward)	Light (Guard)	F. Hall, Sims, L. Ware	Miss Burton, Miss Lee

Crew

M. Hall (Side Center)	Brown (Side Center)	Elder (Forward)	Pittman (Guard)	Ames (Jumping Center)

Sophomore Academic Volley-Ball Club

Gladys Lillard
Ruth Smith
Alice Bailey
Pansy Smith
Myrtle Wynn
Gladys Temple
Lola De Boe
Ruth Warren
Mary Lou Hatcher
Irene Huckstep
Mary Pritchard
Mattie Pritchard
Lorene Thomas
Louise Windsor
Pauline Hunter
Edna Vaughn
Gladys Drinkard
Calphurnia Walker
Sally Crichton
Pearl Knight
Josephine Swanson
Janie Gilliam
Lucille Moore
Elise Moore
Evelyn Ridgely

Junior Academic Tennis Club

Juanita Rogers
Gladys Marks
Agnes Cunningham
Jean Ackiss
Annie Garriss
Essie Etheridge
Edith Field
Arline Camden
Lavinia Reeves
Annie Sale
Florine Davenport
Ruth Ould
Florence Harris
Mary Christian
Ruth Naudain
Lucile Futrell
Lily Saunders
Elizabeth Headley
Verna Jackson
Eunice Cross
Marjorie Vaughan
Juanita Coleman
Virginia Coleman
Mary Leigh Logwood
Mildred Shelton
Ellen Passmore
Nina Fulford
Kate Guider
Jessie Turner
Elizabeth Locke
Annie Hopkins
Marjorie Hepburn

Lillie Saunders

Senior Academic Tennis Club

Dorothy Ball
13 Virginia Bland
12 Lota Leigh Draughon
1 Hortense Duncan
3 Dorothy Franklin
Agnes Ferebee
11 Martha Garbee
10 Isabelle Goslin
Nancy Harrison
5 Eleanor Hepler
9 Hannah Hough
Martie Kirwan
Myrtle Lewis
7 Pauline Logwood
Eula Nash
14 Mae Manson
Christine McIvor
2 Bessie Salmons
4 Nettie Trader
8 Mabel Wright

Cannon Ball

College Tennis Club

9 Ames
11 Burgess
7 Bussells
4 Elder
8 Fishpaw
1 Garland
2 Harry
5 Hoskins
6 Humston
13 Ragland
3 Sharpe
12 Ware
10 Willis

A Dream

One night while I was dreaming
I dreamed such funny things,
I dreamed that Miss Burton
Had a new pair of wings.

I dreamed that Mrs. Hite
Had a double chin,
That Miss Woodfin
Had just learned how to grin.

I dreamed that Miss Stuart
Wasn't late to class at all;
And that Miss Nash
Had grown so very small.

I dreamed that Miss Rosser
Was never seen with Lela Dey,
And that Miss Cohran
Made somebody eat a fly.

I dreamed that Miss Watkins
Never wore a dress of brown,
And that Miss Faw
Was 'most ten inches 'round.

I dreamed that Miss Lee
With Martie had a case.
I dreamed that Miss Bale
With a big rat ran a race.

I dreamed that Miss Martin
Was oh! so very fat,
And that Miss Batten
Was in love with the old black cat.

I dreamed that Miss Garvey
Had a diamond ring,
That dear old Miss Anderson
Had taught us how to sing.

I dreamed that Miss Robertson
Played hide and seek with Ed,
And Miss Ritchie
Never went to bed.

I dreamed that Miss McCord
Once winked at a girl.
I dreamed that Miss Benson
Was the sweetest lady in the world.

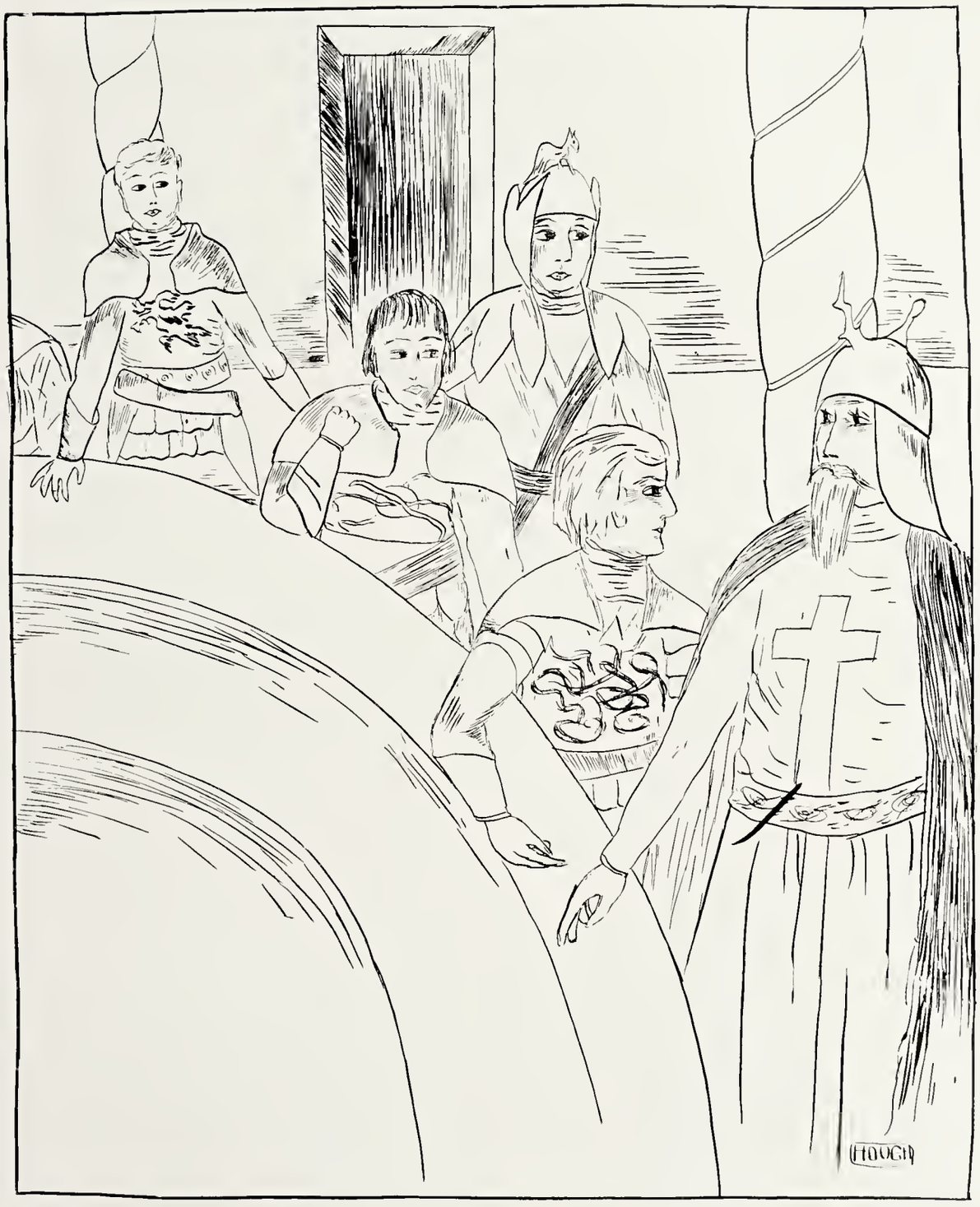
I dreamed that Miss Hoffman
Wasn't very tall,
That Miss Stoakley
Once ran down the hall.

I dreamed that Mr. Bennett
Never ate much fish,
And that "the door might be larger"
Was Dr. Atkins wish.

I dreamed that Dr. Cannon
Had shaved off his moustache,
And here in dear old Blackstone
They never fed us hash.

When I woke up in the morning
I found it wasn't so,
And all that had happened
Was my rooster'd learned to crow.

A. B.



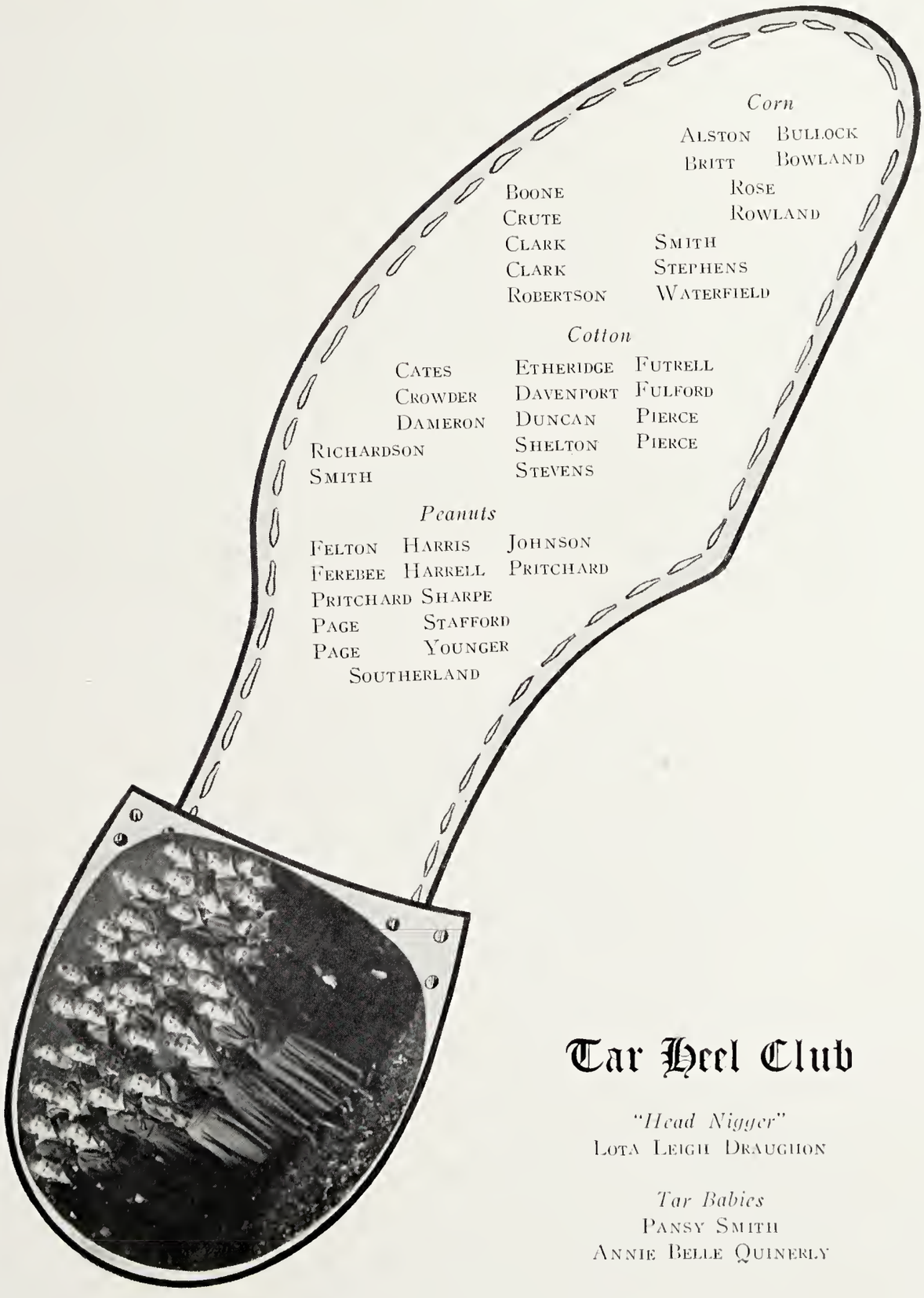
Around the illustrious table King Arthur's knights gather and pledge their allegiance to their beloved king

Cannon Ball

La Vie

Ruth Johnson
Ethel Fishpaw
June Fishpaw
Margaret Elder
Jessie Sims
Evelyne Garnett
Gladys Humston
Mildred Shelton
Thelma Garland
Helen Sharpe

Cannon Ball



Corn

Alston Bullock
Britt Bowland
Rose
Rowland
Boone
Crute
Clark
Clark
Robertson
Smith
Stephens
Waterfield

Cotton

Cates
Crowder
Dameron
Richardson
Smith
Etheridge
Davenport
Duncan
Shelton
Stevens
Futrell
Fulford
Pierce
Pierce

Peanuts

Felton Harris Johnson
Ferebee Harrell Pritchard
Pritchard Sharpe
Page Stafford
Page Younger
Southerland

Tar Heel Club

"Head Nigger"
Lota Leigh Draughon

Tar Babies
Pansy Smith
Annie Belle Quinerly

The Northern Neck Club

From the land where the flying fishes play;
From the land of the dear old Chesapeake Bay;
From the land of the sky-blue waters,
We come, the Northern Neck Daughters.

Officers

LELA DEY ..... *President*
ELIZABETH HEADLEY ..... *Vice-President*
AGNES BURGESS ..... *Secretary*
THELMA GARLAND ..... *Treasurer*
MARTIE KIRWAN ..... *Business Manager*

Members

Esther Gayle	Agnes Bevan	Ruth Shell
Dorothy Ball	Esther James	Margaret Trader

Honorary Member

Mrs. Ida Smith

Cannon Ball

Frappé

Motto: "Eat all you can;
Drink all you can;
Avoid busting."

Flower: Poppy

Members

Louise Corbin
Celeste Feddeman
Myrtle Lewis
Louise Otwell
Mary Otwell
Ethel Phillips
Rose Smith
Gladys Smith
Sue Trador
Nettie Trader

Cannon Ball

Richmond, Petersburg and Norfolk Club

Richmond

Thelma Poland
1 Verna Jackson
2 Ruth Harris
3 Selden Ragland
Elizabeth Meyberg
4 Alice Clay
Lyla Henderson

Petersburg

5 Blanche O'Kennon
7 Miriam Orton
Ella Colgin

Norfolk

6 Hannah Hough
Elizabeth Motley
Mary Doumar
Gertrude Wainwright
Clara Barnes

Cannon Ball

Helen Ames
Margaret Light
Varina Rhodes
Honor Hamilton
Sarah Hall

Lucile Pond
Louise Ware
Mary Virginia Bussells
Clarisse Rose
Grace Ware

Ruth Brown
Carrie Lee Clark
Wilma Clark
Mary Willis
Isabelle Goslin

Danville Club

First Row

Carrie Page
Lilly Blair
Willie Hardy
Edna Burton
Susie Hodges
Geneva Martin

Second Row

Virginia Slade
Eula Page
Margaret Witt
Elizabeth Hardy
Lavinia Reeves

Third Row

Elizabeth Hodges
Elise Moore
Mildred Williams
Myrtle Wynn
Lucy Poteat
Josephine Swanson
Vida Lee Stephens
Wilson Hodges

Cannon Ball

Agnes Cunningham
Gladys Marks
Jean Ackiss
Maudine Blevins
Dimple Blevins
Juanita Rogers

Nannie Sue Crute
Esther James
Hattie Camp
Ethel Pittman
Grace Singleton

The Dreamers

Our Aim: We, the only literary club in the college, desire to do all in our power to create a love for the best literature; and, in order to meet the present problems, to make a special study of current literature, including a course in first aid. We hope, with this our aim, to lay the foundations for future literary societies.

Members

Agnes Old Ferebee, *President*.....“Faithful Dreamer”
Lota Leigh Draughon, *Vice-President*.....“Nightmare”
Varina Rhodes, *Secretary*.....“Soldier Dreamer”
Dorothy Franklin, *Treasurer*.....“Polka-Dot Dreamer”
Miss Elspeth Benson.....“Mysterious Dreamer”
Eunice Cross.....“Red Cross Dreamer”
Miss Elizabeth Cohran.....“First Aid Dreamer”
Hortense Duncan.....“Happy Dreamer”
Eleanor Hepler.....“Miniature Dreamer”
Margaret Light.....“Brilliant Dreamer”
Miss Robbie McCord.....“Vision of Bliss”
Miss Charlotte Stoakley.....“Ideal Dreamer”

Cannon Ball

Motto: Onward, upward
Flower: Evergreen
Ship: *Virginia*

3 Captain: Miss Stoakley
Mate: Nettie Trader
Chief Cook: Myrtle Lewis
Deck Scrubber: Rose Smith

Crew

Louise Corbin
1 Alice Dunton
2 Louise Harry
Louise Otwell
Mary Otwell
Ethel Phillips
Gladys Smith
4 Sue Trader

Cannon Ball

Posts Club

Motto: Grab while grabbing is good

Colors: Indigo and Green Flower: Johnny-Jump-Up

Officers

ESSIE ETHERIDGE ..... *President*
MAYRE ROBINSON ..... *Vice-President*
PANSY SMITH ..... *Secretary*
ELAINE BULLOCK ..... *Treasurer*

Members

Elaine Bullock ..... "Lane"
Pansy Smith ..... "Flower"
Ruth Smith ..... "Smitt"
Mayre Robinson ..... "Robin"
Essie Etheridge ..... "Ridge"
Ruth Warren ..... "War"
Lorene Thomas ..... "Tom"
Hannah Thomas ..... "Hans"
Gladys Harrell ..... "Lad"
Eva Felton ..... "Felt"
Jennie Barnes ..... "Barn"

Cannon Ball

TOPIA

CARDWELL

MORRISON

MANSON

FERGUSON

HOUGH

O'KEEFFE

Maryon Cardwell
Dorothy Franklin
Lela King
Virginia Chanell
Frankie Pearson
Selden Ragland
Hannah Yeiser
Agnes C. Ferebee
Elisabeth Meyberg
Frances A. Weisiger

WEISIGER

MEYBERG

FRANKLIN

CHANELL

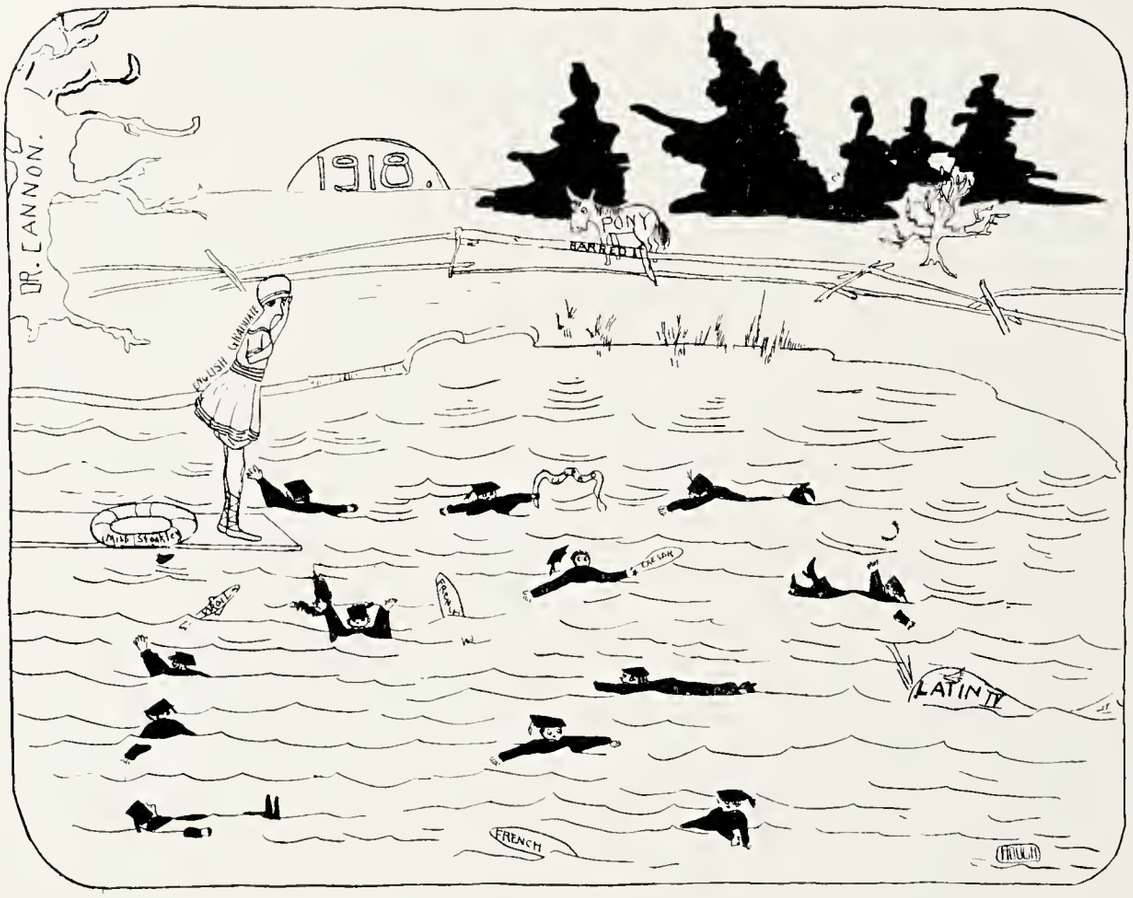
DRAUGHON

RAGLAND

PEARSON

DEY

Cannon Ball



Full Dippers

Hortense Duncan
Hannah Hough
Lota Leigh Draughon
Martha Garbee
Nina Bradshaw
Charlotte Comer
Eula Nash
Dorothy Ball
Mabel Wright
Martie Kirwan
Eleanor Hepler
Virginia Bland

Agnes Ferebee

And what would be a court without a jester who is wise, yet foolish beyond compare!

Recorder's Court

M. Hall, W. Hardy, and M. Barksdale answered to charge of boisterous conduct and public disturbance. Sentenced to campus for 7 days.

The Supreme Court of Justice is now sitting on the Adams case. He, it seems, has had a violent conflict with the Athletes (Teachers) of the College. The verdict will probably be that the aforesaid Geo. P. Adams will be sentenced to play tennis on *ploughed courts* for 10 days.

The entire student body voiced a charge against Geneva Morrison for having seriously affected their ear drums while in the Mess Mall. She was given in custody to the Margaret Reformers, Light and Elder.

Hough, Manson, Goslin, and Franklin were arrainged before Court for having indulged in a half-hour's exercise at White's. They were safely lodged in a Reformatory School for 5 months.

Miss Hoffman was summoned by the inhabitants of the first floor N. B. to appear and play "If you talk in your sleep, don't mention my name" for them every morning between 4:00 and 8:00 o'clock.

Lucy Pearson was sentenced to be shot at sunrise on the morning of March 1st, for having murdered the most honored laws of Blackstone College. The execution was postponed on account of the inability of said party to get up before 7:45.

An accusation was brought against Miss Stoakley for being unreverential in church. She was condemned and a very grave punishment inflicted upon her. She must sit upon her hat every Sunday, in church, until June.

S. Hall, T. Garland, and M. Light were seriously reprimanded for condescending to sit with the faculty in chapel.

Blackstone Multigraph Company sent a petition through Court to Mrs Smith to vary her dinner menu by occasionally having blé bread instead of bread à la war. She refused, whereupon the Court sentenced her to said bread à la war three times a day for the rest of the school session (?).

Miss Lura Lee Cannon was court-martialed for disobeying orders. She was ordered by the Senior College Class to take some anti-fat or Scott's Emulsion—flesh reducer.

Cannon Ball

The State Board of Health brought charge against Miss Cohran for being un-Hooveristic with calomel, castor oil, and salts at Blackstone College. She pled innocence, but, since the testimonies given by 300 witnesses were contrary to hers, she was deprived of the said "dopes" until June 3, 1918. (The students of B. C. sent a note of thanks to the State Board of Health.)

Miss Rosser brought charge against Paul Hunter for having attempted, in the late hours of the night, to summon her fellow-conspirators by a deadly me-o-o-o-w. The accused was sentenced to be transformed into a cat.

Locke and Burlingham, two of the nuisances of the community, were arrested for disturbing Court. The sheriff was at hand and took them in charge, placing them in safety on the front bench, where the scrutiny of the judge would extract all desire of evil.

Picture Day at Blackstone

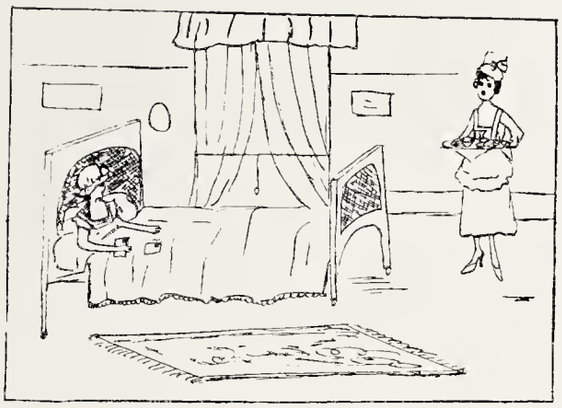
Picture Miss Stoakley for once being late,
Picture a Senior not so sedate,
Picture a Blackstone girl hanging over the gate—
That's a picture no art editor can paint.

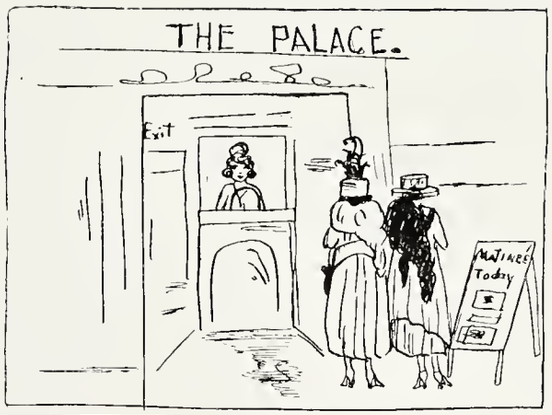
Picture Miss Bale without a notice to make,
Picture a college girl without exams to take,
Picture Mrs. Smith feeding us cake—
That's a picture no art editor can paint.

Picture Miss Bennett doing anything rash,
Picture a day without butter, bread, and hash,
Picture a schoolgirl with a lot of cash—
That's a picture no art editor can paint.

Picture Miss Hoffman short and fat,
Picture Miss Woodfin in a picture hat,
Picture a schoolgirl being glad she's where she's at—
That's a picture no art editor can paint.

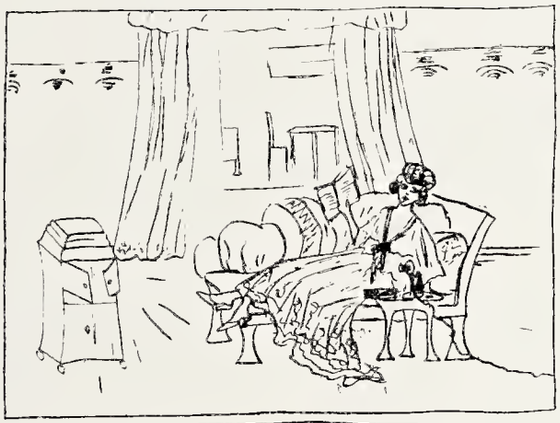
9:30
A. M.

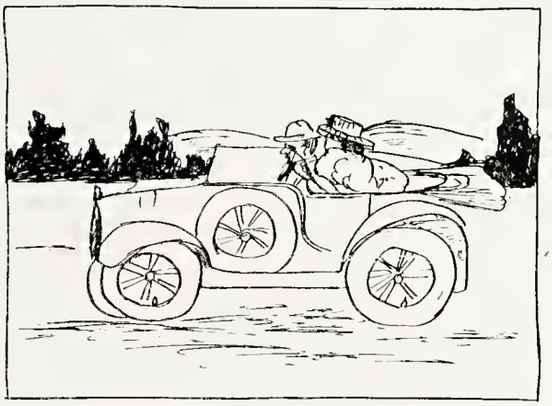




3:00
P. M.

11:00
A. M.





4:00
P. M.

12:00
M.

9:00
P. M.

1:30
P. M.

1:30
A. M.

A Day at Blackstone—That Ain't

Jokes

Often our school is RASH, CROSS, and CRANK(Y) until LOVE and HONOR come in and everything is SWEET.

The heating system will be all WRIGHT as long as we have LOG-WOOD and the COLEMAN continues to come.

LOUISE (playing animal): What kind of an animal are you going to be? I am going to be an ignoramus.

LOIS: What does M. A. on Dr. Cannon's name mean?
SARAH: Master of Arts.
LOIS: I didn't know Dr. Cannon could draw.

MISS BALE: Tell me the character of Richard III.
E. SIMMS: He was hump-backed.

MISS ANDERSON: Clara, you should speak twice before thinking.

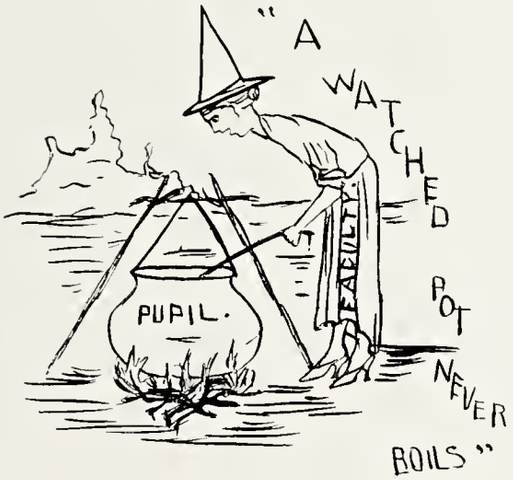
In Latin class, Miss Faw asked Helen Sharpe to translate the following sentence, "Hæc in Galliam; est important."

Helen, after puzzling it out, lifted her head and bravely said, "Hike into Gaul, it's important!"

When the soup is running low, dear,
And beans are not to be found;
Then eat the cornbread cheerfully,
And take from your face the frown.

MISS NELLIE BENNETT: What are affections?
MARTHA: Spontaneous actions.

Cannon Ball



Miss Stoakley: Hattie, what about the schools in India?
Hattie: They had schools for all sexes, deaf, dumb, and blind.

Miss Lee: What are the proteins made of that compose our tissues?
Virginia Slade: Viz.

Nellie T. (in Grammar class): Miss Woodfin, I have lost my diaphragm (meaning diagram).
Miss Woodfin: What???

Lost: Elevator to third floor new building—Miss Garvey.

Miss Stoakley: Jessie, give the stages of learning.
Jessie: First one is pecking.
Miss Stoakley: Some men think it is the last one.

Mr. Bennett: Girls, the Senior pins and rings have come—and they must be bought, no matter if you bust or fail.

Miss Benson (teaching vowels in spelling): You must remember that you (u) and I (i) can never be true diphthongs!

Pupil (translating Latin IV): "Pulchrumque mori succurit in armis"—"the thought occurs to me that it is noble to die in one's arms."

Miss Faw: Do you really think it is noble to die in arms?

Lota Leigh: Depends upon whose arms they are!

Mary: My grandfather hasn't had his hair cut for ten years.

Jane (with the air of one who is not to be caught so easily): Bald, I suppose?

Mary: No; dead.

Clarissa (talking to Ray and Fay Coffman): Are you sisters?

Ray: We're twins.

Clarissa: What are they, I never heard of 'em?

Miss Rosser: I left my watch upstairs and it ran down.

College Senior (teaching Bible in seventh grade): Who was the first one that came from the ark after it landed?

Pupil: Noah.

Senior: You are wrong. Doesn't the Book tell us that Noah came forth? So you see there must have been three before him.

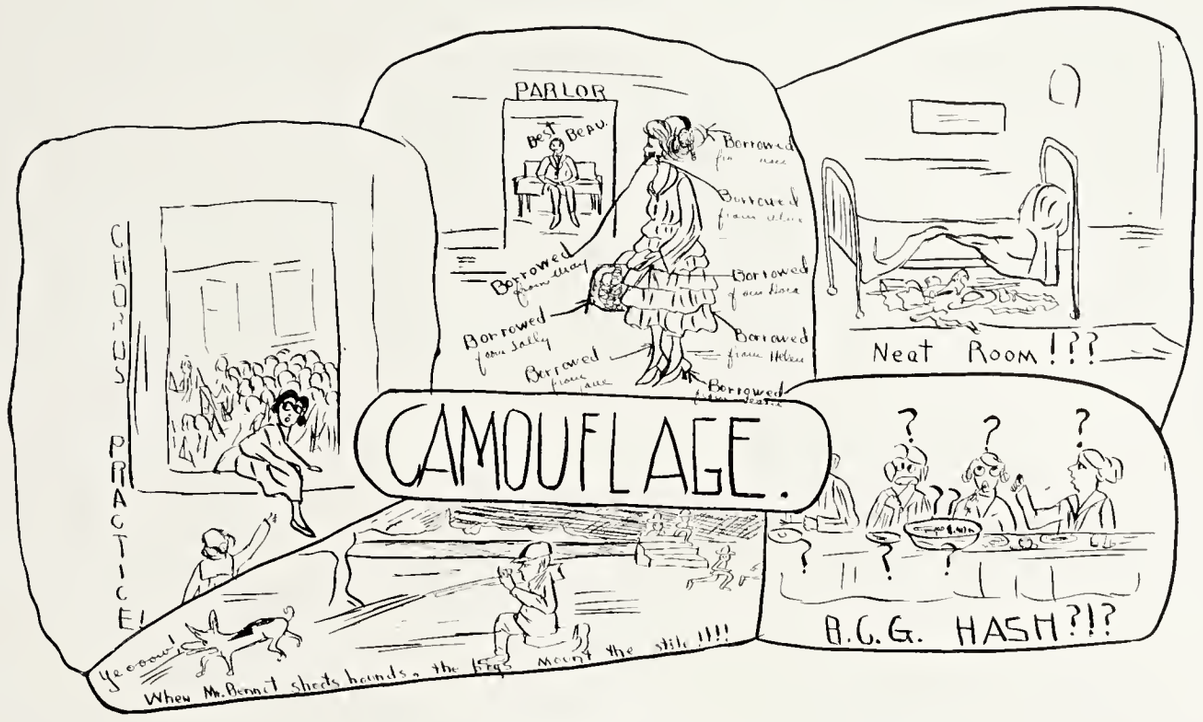
Miss Rosser: Girls, what is your favorite hymn?

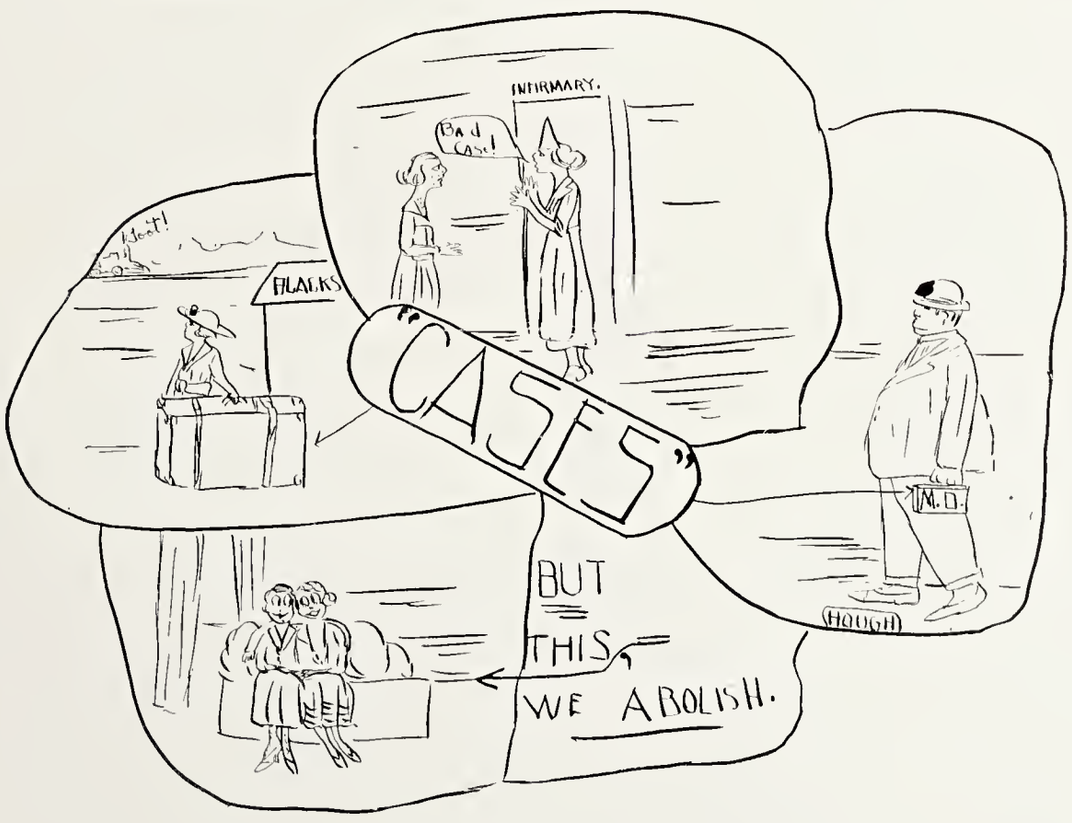
Lucile: The one Miss Stoakley chased away over the fence last night.

Miss Woodfin: Give some examples of men who have been vaccinated.

Pupil: Policemen.

Clara: The idea of talking about having policemen vaccinated. Leave them alone. They'll never catch anything.


CHORUS PRACTICE!
PARLOR
Best Beau
Borrowed from Mary
Borrowed from Alice
Borrowed from Sally
Borrowed from Jane
Borrowed from Helen
Borrowed from Beatrice
CAMOUFLAGE.
Neat Room!??
B.G.G. HASH?!?
Ye-e-ow!
When Mr. Bennet sheds hounds, the Fox Mount the stile!!!!


INFIRMARY.
Bad Case!
Heat!
FLASKS
"CASES"
M.D.
COUGH
BUT
THIS,
WE ABOLISH.

A Sad Catastrophe

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down.

Enter conductor, asks fare.

Woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel.

Offers dime, receives nickel.

Opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel.

Stop the car, please!!!

Teacher stops girl on hall and asks, "Why are you crying?"

"I just went to Miss Martin's room and on the door hung the card, 'No consolation'" (consultation).

Miss Robertson: What is the hottest place in America?
Pupil (without slightest hesitation): Hornet nests.

Paul Hunter: I hear you keep a list of all the banks in the country.
Clara: Yes: I like to be able to say I keep a bank account.

Miss Stoakley: My mission is saving girls.
Academy Boy: Miss Stoakley, save a couple for me.

Miss Hoffman: Virginia, can't you be good?
Virginia: Miss Hoffman, it makes me tired.

THEORY

Headmen—Phrenologists.

Well-handled—Pump.

Light man—The gas man.

After dark—Chasing a negro.

A singular being—A bachelor.

A ship that has two mates and no captain—Courtship.

Seehowalinelookswithoutspaces.

A taking person—Policeman.

A home ruler—Kitchen poker.

A trimming shop—Barber shop.

The worst kind of sipping—Gossiping.

Where to recover yourself—The tailor's.

Trying times—Going to the dressmaker.

How to gain a high position—Ascend a mountain.

"A teakettle can sing when merely filled with water—but man, proud man, is no teakettle."

The Cry of a Senior

I

I am tired of poring and digging
  Over half-forgotten lore,
Heart weary of almost flunking,
  And having to study some more.
Take me back to the days of my infancy,
  When all was sunshine and play,
For a Freshman lives forever,
  And a Senior dies in a day.

II

I am sick of the false accusation
  Of being prissy and dignified,
Of never bustin' a rule,
  Of having laughed instead of cried;
I like to cry when I want to,
  And wash all my troubles away,
For a Senior has more troubles
  Than a Freshman can think of in a day.

III

I yawn from getting up early
  Every morn at the bust o' dawn,
Each day I see more work to do
  Than ever before I've sawn;
Now I see my diploma
  Slipping gradually away by degrees,
Oh, let me forget I'm a Senior,
  And live happy on a Freshman's E's!

L. L. D.

AFTERWORD

The skirmishes between the editors are now over, and, for better or worse, the result of their effort has gone on record, as little battle-scarred as possible. On account of these battles the CANNON BALL *will not be perfect in its roundness, but we hope that it may not be less honored for that.*

Too Good to Pass By

The egg-beater is performing stunts nowadays that were never even dreamed of a short time ago—not with eggs or cream, but with Jell-O.

With an egg-beater and a package of Jell-O the college girl is equipped to make *something new*—any one of fifty good things to eat that will be enjoyed as a welcome change from the monotony of fudge and kindred fixings.

Plain Jell-O dishes are fine, as everybody knows, but the whipped forms, as easy as the other, are even finer.

Following is a recipe for whipping Jell-O. It is much easier than it sounds:

To Whip Jell-O

Dissolve a package of Jell-O in a pint of boiling water and let it cool. Begin to whip the jelly while it is still liquid—cold but not yet congealing—and whip until it is of the consistency of thick whipped cream. Use a Dover egg-beater and keep the Jell-O cold while whipping by setting the dish in cracked ice, ice water or very cold water. A tin or aluminum quart measure is an ideal utensil for the purpose. Its depth prevents spattering, and tin and aluminum admit quickly the chill of the ice or cold water.

Add cream or whatever else goes into the dessert, if anything does, after—not before—whipping the Jell-O.

The whipping process more than doubles the quantity of plain Jell-O, so that when whipped one package of Jell-O serves twelve persons instead of six.

There are six pure fruit flavors of Jell-O: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Each **10** cents at any grocer's.

Take time, please, to send us your name and address, so we can send you a new Jell-O Book that will tell you how to make delicious things that are too good to miss.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

A Few Fertilizer Facts for Farmers

A Fact Well Known

There is a world shortage of materials and products of practically every kind.

A Fact Worth Knowing

Many old and some new substitutes are being marketed in large quantities to take the place of old reliable supplies that were used heretofore.

Facts With Which We Can Help You

In our experience of manufacturing fertilizers for nearly 35 years we have seen many of these old substitutes come on the market and fail because they did not have the quality to produce results. This is where it is worth something to you to buy the old Reliable BLACKSTONE BLOOD AND BONE-TANKAGE FERTILIZERS—"best by test since 1884."

Granville Co., N. C.,
November 20, 1917.

Blackstone Guano Co.,
Blackstone, Va.

Gentlemen:—Your Blood and Bone-Tankage goods were used by one of my tenants on 40,000 hills of tobacco this season, which crop sold for $2,170.00.

I have used your goods for about ten years, and like them.

My 1917 crop of tobacco and that of my tenants will bring about $16,000.00.

In 1906 I bought 100 acres of land for $275.00. This year I sold $4,000 worth of tobacco made on same with your fertilizers.

Yours truly,
D. T. WINSTON.

Mecklenburg Co., Va.,
November 20, 1917.

Blackstone Guano Co.,
Blackstone, Va.

Gentlemen:—My brothers and I feel that we are indebted to you for from $2,000.00 to $4,000.00 for sending us the kind of fertilizers which you sent us last spring.

I bought 63 tons of your Blood and Bone-Tankage goods and 3 tons of 2-8-2 made by another company.

Your goods without potash and costing less beat the 2-8-2.

Some of these fertilizers were used on old land and some on new. Yours was best on both.

In curing, stripping and selling your goods beat the other two to one. The crop on the same amount and kind of land was worth double.

I write this because I feel other farmers should be acquainted with the materials your company use and your knowledge of what our Virginia tobacco soils need. For 15 years constant use, your goods have been satisfactory to me.

Yours truly,
W. H. ELAM.

Lennig, Halifax Co., Va.,
January 11, 1918.

Blackstone Guano Co.,
Blackstone, Va.

Gentlemen:—In the spring of 1917 I used some other company's 9-2-2 fertilizer by the side of your Blood and Bone-Tankage goods, which cost less and did not contain potash.

The tobacco in same field, planted same day, from your goods ripened earlier and better, grew much faster, and each acre brought double as much as the 9-2-2.

All of the first cuttings were from your fertilizer. When I made the second cutting from your goods the 9-2-2 began to ripen.

I am satisfied I got twice as much money for my crop as I would have gotten had I used altogether the 9-2-2 made by some one else.

Some of the tobacco from your goods brought $76.00 per hundred, and some $72.00. I sold 1,754 pounds at $45.25 per hundred.

(Signed) H. E. BROWN.

Kenbridge, Va.,
January 22, 1918.

Blackstone Guano Co., Inc.,
Blackstone, Va.

Dear Sirs:—Your Blood and Bone-Tankage corn fertilizers were the best I ever saw. I used in the same field by the side of it some 8-2-2 goods made by another company. The 8-2-2 cost more, but did not give as good results.

My neighbors and others passing on the road easily found the row where your goods stopped, and remarked that it was such a pity that I did not use something under the balance of the field. The balance of the field had the other company's 8-2-2 under it.

Yours truly,
(Signed) V. C. LOVE.

Let our strong Fertilizers be one of the strong links in making your tobacco and corn. We have something extra for corn which you should use.

Yours sincerely,
BLACKSTONE GUANO CO., Inc.

Seay-Bagley Company

THE LEADING

Dry Goods Store

OF BLACKSTONE

At all seasons you will find a well selected stock of the most desirable merchandise in every line. Special attention is called to our line of SUITS and COATS, and the best line of SHOES obtainable. Reasonable prices and satisfaction guaranteed to all

We want all TEACHERS and STUDENTS
to feel free to call on us for any service
that we can render

ESTABLISHED 1894

Blackstone College for Girls

JAMES CANNON, Jr., A. M., D. D.
President

Faculty of 33.
427 Students, from 20 States.
Accredited by Virginia State Board of Education.
Hundreds of Graduates now teaching.

$180 per year in Academic Dept.
$225 per year in College Dept.

The Leading Training School for Girls in Virginia

Where can parents find a College with as fine a record, with as experienced management, at such moderate cost?

FOR CATALOGUE ADDRESS
THE SECRETARY, Blackstone, Va.

J. L. MANSON
President and Treasurer

G. E. BARROW
Vice-President

W. L. JOHNSON
Secretary

Barrow Grocery Company

Incorporated

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Manufacturers' Agents

Wholesale Distributors of

Pocahontas Canned Goods, Jefferson Flour, Caraja Coffee,
White House Teas, Good-Nuff Peanut Bars,
Spices and Extracts

ALL LEADING ADVERTISED BRANDS OF FOOD PRODUCTS

Blackstone, Virginia

Established 1892

Stephen Lane Folger

Incorporated

Manufacturing

Jewelers

Club and College Pins and Rings
Gold, Silver and Bronze
Medals

180 Broadway, New York

We Have the Only

French Dry Cleaning and Dye Works

In Blackstone

Thoroughly Modern Equipment
First-Class Service and
Reasonable Prices

Your Patronage on This, as Well as Your
Regular Laundry Work, Will
Be Appreciated

Blackstone Steam Laundry

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

Mail-Order Work Solicited and Given Special
Attention

ROY MOOSE

Photographer

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

I make a specialty of Photographs for
College Annuals

Jones-Williams Company

INCORPORATED

ALWAYS THE NEWEST IN

Shoes, Hosiery, Tailored Suits
Silks, Dress Goods

YOU can always find your every need in our Ladies' Department. Make your wants known to us. It will be a pleasure for us to fill your orders. ¶We are sole agents for the famous DOROTHY DODD and WALK-OVER Shoes. All leathers and styles can be found in these brands at popular prices. ¶Our store is full of LADIES' FURNISHINGS of every description that are too numerous to mention in this small space. This is the women's trading center of Blackstone because they can always find what they are looking for.

American Beauty and R. & G. Corsets

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

Mrs. Lee Morgan

DEALER IN

FINE

MILLINERY

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

Blackstone Fuel Company

Incorporated

Coal, Wood, Hay, and Grain

Headquarters for

ALL KINDS OF FEEDS

Lowest Prices

S. L. BARROW, President
H. B. JONES, Vice-President and Treasurer
L. W. DE BERRY, Secretary

Phone 43

Blackstone, Virginia

WHITE'S

JEWELERS

and

Expert Watchmakers

We Make A Specialty of

Kodaks and Victrolas

L. B. SPENCER DRUG COMPANY

THE

Rexall Store

PHONE 48

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

The Woman Depositor

WE have many women among our bank customers because we make banking business easy and pleasant for them. ¶Every modern woman carries a bank account. She needs it just as surely as a man does—for the help it affords and the business training she receives. ¶Ladies, we would like your account. ¶Any time is a good time; now is the accepted time.

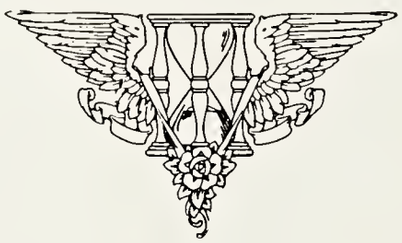
First National Bank

OF

Blackstone, Virginia

G. E. BARROW & SON

Delicatessen



BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

Nottoway Drug Company

Incorporated

H. R. HAMLETT

Manager

NEXT TO POST OFFICE

Blackstone, Virginia

Everett Waddey Company

Society, Commencement and Wedding Invitations

THE LARGEST ENGRAVING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE SOUTH

Calling Cards, Monogram and Fraternity Stationery

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Dillard - Crawley Hardware Co.

Incorporated

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Agricultural Implements and Machinery

Building Material
Vehicles, Harness and Saddlery

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

Cotrell & Leonard

MAKERS AND RENTERS

OF

Caps, Gowns and Hoods

To the American Universities and Colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific

CLASS CONTRACTS A SPECIALTY

The
Citizens Bank

Organized 1873

CAPITAL - - $100,000.00
SURPLUS - - $ 36,000.00

If You Want YOUR Money to BEAR Interest Ask for a Certificate of Deposit 4%

J. H. HARRIS - - PRESIDENT
JOS. M. HURT - - CASHIER

THIS BANK HAS BEEN IN ACTIVE OPERATION FOR 46 YEARS, AND NO ONE HAS EVER LOST A CENT BY DEPOSITING WITH US

MOTTO: *"To Help the Boy Make a Four-Square Man"*

Blackstone Military Academy

BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

Academic Department—Offers instruction in Mathematics, English, History, French, German, Latin, Spanish and Science.

Commercial Department—Offers course in GREGG SHORTHAND SYSTEM. Taught by 75% of Business Colleges. Touch System on Typewriter. Department equipped with Underwood, Remington and Smith Machines. Bookkeeping, both Single and Double Entry. Business Penmanship.

Thorough preparation in small classes under direction of college graduates
Certificates accepted in Colleges and Universities

FOR CATALOGUE AND FURTHER INFORMATION, ADDRESS

COL. E. S. LIGON, *President*

THE
Globe Department Store

∞

THE
Best of Everything
for the Least Money

∞

MAIN STREET
BLACKSTONE, VIRGINIA

We printed the first Volume of
The Cannon Ball

And would be pleased to hear from you in reference to the printing of your *College Annual* or *Catalog*. We also handle Diplomas and College Stationery

THE WILLIAM BYRD PRESS
INCORPORATED
1430-32-34 East Franklin Street
RICHMOND, VA.

¶ This book is a fair sample of our work in printing, binding and caring for the engravings. ¶ Into all of our products, whether college publications or general commercial work, we put the infinite pains necessary to insure our patrons receiving the highest quality printing.

J. P. BELL COMPANY, INCORPORATED

PRINTERS, DESIGNERS, ENGRAVERS

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA